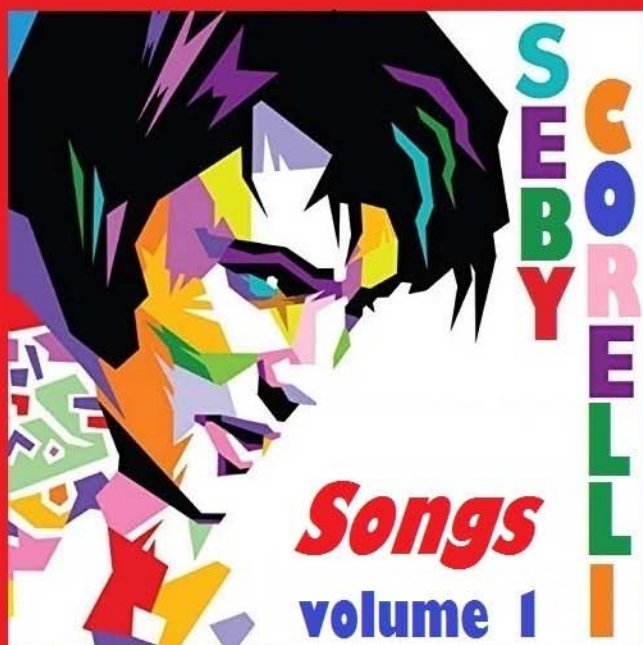




SEBY CORELLI

Songs

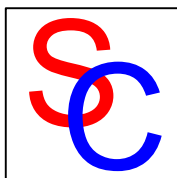


**Spartiti di musica di brani
estratti dal repertorio di
Elvis Presley**

(volume 1)

SEBY CORELLI - SONGS
ANTOLOGIA DI CANZONI - volume 1

RETRO COPERTA



N°	TITOLO DEL BRANO	TEMPO	♩ =	TONALITÀ	PAGINA
1	BLUE SUEDE SHOES	Brigt	170	Fa maggiore	1
2	READY TEDDY	Brigt	168	Si _b maggiore	4
3	TREAT ME NICE	Brigt rock	152	Do maggiore	7
4	GOT A LOT OF LIVIN' TO DO	Brigt	162	Mi _b maggiore	9
5	MY BABY LEFT ME	Brigt	163	Fa maggiore	11
6	ALL SHOOK UP	Shuffle	171	Si _b maggiore	14
7	ONE NIGHT	Slowly	79	Do maggiore	17
8	LOVE ME	Moderately	79	Fa maggiore	19
9	TRYNG TO GET TO YOU	Mod. beat	86	Do maggiore	21
10	HEART BREAK HOTEL	Blues	94	Do maggiore	25
11	RETURN TO SENDER	Moderately	110	Do maggiore	27
12	I JUST CAN'T BELIEVIN'	Moderately	107	Mi _b maggiore	31
13	NON CREDO AGLI OCCHI MIEI	Moderately	107	Mi _b maggiore	35
14	IN THE GHETTO	Slowly	97	Si _b maggiore	37
15	NEGRO	Lentamente	97	Si _b maggiore	43
16	DON'T LEAVE ME NOW	Moderately	109	Do maggiore	45
17	DON'T CRY DADDY	Moderato	78	Re maggiore	49
18	LOVE ME TENDER	Mod. Slow	//	Sol maggiore	53
19	DOLCEMENTE	Lento	//	Sol maggiore	55
20	A CHI (Hurt)	Slow rock	//	Si _b maggiore	57
21	CAN'T HELP FALLIN IN LOVE	Slowly	//	Mi _b maggiore	59
22	UNCHAINED MELODY (Oh my love)	Slow	//	Sol maggiore	61
23	IO CHE NON VIVO (SENZA TE)	Lento	//	Fa minore	65
24	L'IMMENSITA'	Slow	//	Re minore	67
25	GUARDA CHE LUNA	Rock Slow	//	Mi minore	69
26	LOVE IN PORTOFINO	Rock Slow	//	Fa minore	71
27	HISTORIA DE UN AMOR (Storia di un amore)	Bolero	//	Mi minore	73
28	YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING (Bruttissima bellissima)	Moderato	//	Fa minore	75
29	UNFORGETTABLE	Slowly	//	Sol maggiore	79
30	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Slowly	//	Fa maggiore	81
31	MY WAY (Solo più che mai)	Slow	//	Re maggiore	85
32	ARE YOU LONESOME TO-NIGHT?	Valzer	//	Do maggiore	87
33	SE PIANGI, SE RIDI	Slow	//	La _b maggiore	89
34	OVER THE RAIMBOW	Moderato	//	Mi _b maggiore	91
35	LAWDY MISS CLAWDY	Slow	76	Fa maggiore	93
36	IF I CAN DREAM	Slow	67	Si _b maggiore	95
37	(YOU'RE SO SQUARE) BABY I DON'T CARE	Moderato	//	Do maggiore	99
38	HOUND DOG	Rock	178	Si _b maggiore	103
39	TEDDY BEAR	Rock	100	Do maggiore	105
40	STUCK ON YOU	Moderato	136	Do maggiore	107
41	WAY DOWN	Rock	160	La maggiore	111
42	THAT'S ALL RIGHT	Moderato	164	Mi _b maggiore	115
43	SUSPICION	Moderato	102	Do maggiore	117
44	MY BABY LEFT ME	Moderato	163	Fa maggiore	119
45	JOHNNY B. GOODE	Rock	//	Fa maggiore	121
46	I GOT STUNG !	Rock	//	Do maggiore	123
47	A MESS OF BLUES	Blues	100	Do maggiore	127
48	IT'S NOW OR NEVER ('O sole mio)	Moderato	119	Re _b maggiore	131

N°	TITOLO DEL BRANO	TEMPO	♩=	TONALITÀ	PAGINA
49	DON'T BE CRUEL	Brigt	148	Do maggiore	133
50	BADA BAMBINA	Moderato	//	Mi, maggiore	135
51	TU VUO' FA L'AMERICANO	Moderato	//	La minore	137
52	BA... BA... BACIAMI, PICCINA	Moderato	//	Do maggiore	139
53	LA LUNA AMMENZU 'O MARI	Tarantella	//	La maggiore	141
54	CIURI CIURI	Allegro	//	Mi minore	143
55	ARRIVEDERCI ROMA	Beguine	//	Sol maggiore	145
56	ROMA NUN FA' LA STUPIDA STASERA	Moderato	//	Mi, maggiore	149
57	NON E' UN CAPRICCIO D'AGOSTO	Moderato	//	Do maggiore	151
58	SHE (Lei)	Lento	//	Do maggiore	153
59	QUANDO L'AMORE DIVENTA POESIA	Lento	//	La minore	157
60	UN UOMO PIANGE (SOLO PER AMORE)	Lento	//	La minore	159
61	GEORGIA ON MY MIND	Bluesy	84	Fa maggiore	163
62	SANTA LUCIA	Andantino	//	Si, maggiore	165
63	MERAVIGLIOSO	Moderato	//	Do minore	167
64	ANEMA E CORE	Slow	97	Sol maggiore	171

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SEBY CORELLI SONGS
ANTOLOGIA DI BRANI ESTRATTI DAL
REPERTORIO DI ELVIS PRESLEY

VOLUME 1

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BLUEDE SUEDE SHOES

Words and Music by Carl Lee Perkins

Bright tempo (not too fast) ♩ = 170

1

mf Do Sib Fa (Sib7) Fa

CHORUS

Well, it's one for the mon-ey, two for the show, three to get read-y, now

mf Tacet Fa Tacet Fa Tacet

go, cat, go! But don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes. You can

Sib7 Fa

do an-y-thing but lay off of my Blue Suede Shoes. Well, you can

Do7 Do7sus4 Fa Sib7 Fa

knock me down, step in my face, slan-der my name all o - ver the place;
Burn my house, steal my car, drink my li-quer from my old-fruit jar;—

Tacet Fa Tacet Fa Tacet Fa

Do an-y - thing that you want to do, — but uh - uh, hon-ey lay off of my shoes

Tacet Fa Tacet

Don't you step on my Blue Suede Shoes. You can do an-y - thing but lay

Sib Fa Do7

off of my Blue Suede Shoes. Shoes.

1 2

Do^{sus}4 Fa Sib7 Fa Tacet Fa Sib7 Fa

Ready, set, go man go,
I got a girl that I love so,

I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready to a rock 'n' roll.

Going to the corner, pick up my sweetie pie,
She's my rock 'n' roll baby, she's the apple of my eye,

I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready to a rock 'n' roll.

All the flat top cats and the dungaree dolls,
Are headed for the gym to the sock hop ball,
The joint is really jumpin', the cats are going wild,
The music really sends me, I dig that crazy style,

I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready to a rock 'n' roll.

[Guitar].....
.....

All the flat top cats and the dungaree dolls,
Are headed for the gym to the sock hop ball,
The joint is really jumpin', the cats are going wild,
The music really sends me, I dig that crazy style,

I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready to a rock 'n' roll.

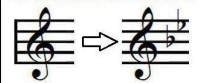
Gonna kick off my shoes, roll up my faded jeans,
Grab my rock 'n' roll baby, pour on the steam,
I shuffle to the left, I shuffle to the right,
Gonna rock 'n' roll to the early, early night,

I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready teddy,
I'm ready, ready, ready to a rock 'n' roll.

READY TEDDY

Words and Music by John Marascalco (1931-vivente) and Robert Alexander "Bumps" Blackwell (1918-1985)
SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI SI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di SI bemolle



Bright Tempo ♩ = 168

2

f Read - y, set, go, man, go, I got a gal that I love so. I'm

Chorus

F7 Read-y Read-y Read-y Ted-dy. I'm Read-y Read-y Read-y Ted-dy. Im

Mib7 *Sib*

G7 *F7* *C (Tacet)* Read-y Read-y Read-y Ted-dy. I'm Read-y Read-y Read-y to - a rock 'n' roll

Fa7 *Mib7* *Sib*

Verse

C (Tacet) 1. Go - in' down to the cor - ner, pick up — my sweet - ie pie. She's my

f *Sib*

C (Tacet)

rock 'n' roll ba - by, she's the ap - ple of my eye, 'Cause I'm

Sib

Chorus

F7

Read - y Read - y Read - y Ted - dy. I'm Read - y Read - y Read - y Ted - dy. I'm

Mib7 Sib

G7 F7 C (Tacet)

Read - y Read - y Read - y Ted - dy. I'm Read - y Read - y Read - y to - a rock 'n' roll.

Fa7 Mib7 Sib

Verse

93 (Solo) (Tacet)

2. Well, the flat top cats and the dun - ga - ree dolls Are —
3. (Gon - na) kick off my shoes, roll — up my fad - ed jeans. Grab my

f Sib

C (Tacet)

head-ed for the gym to the Sock Hop Ball. The joint is real-ly jump-in', the
rock 'n' roll—ba-by, pour—on the steam. I shuf-fle to the left.— I

Sib

C (Tacet)

cats are go-in' wild.— The mu-sic real-ly sends me. I dig that cra-zy style, 'Cause n
shuf-fle to the right. Gon-na rock—'n'—roll till the ear-ly ear-ly night, 'Cause n

Sib

Chorus

F7

Read-y Read-y Read-y Ted-dy. I'm Read-y Read-y Read-y Ted-dy. I'm Read-y

Fa7
Mib7

Sib

G7

Fa7

F7

Read-y Read-y Ted-dy. I'm Read-y Read-y Read-y to-a rock 'n' roll. 3. Gon-na rock 'n' rol

C (Tacet)

Mib7

Sib

Sib

1. 2.

TREAT ME NICE

Words and Music by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller

Medium Bright Rock ♩ = 152

CHORUS

3

When I walk through that door,

Ba-by, be po - lite. You're gon-na make me sore, If you don't greet me right. Don't ch-

ev-er kiss me once, kiss me twice. Treat me nice. I

know that you've been told, It's not fair to tease So if you come on cold, I'm

C F7 G7 C C7 F G7 C D7 G7 (Tacet) C C C7 F

real-ly gon-na freeze. If you don't want me to be cold as ice, Treat me

G7 C D7 G7 (Tacet)

nice. Make me feel at home If you real-ly care. Scratch my back and

C C7 F C F F#dim7 C F

run your pret-ty fin-gers through my hair, You know I'd be your slave, If you ask me

C C+ F F# G7 C C

to. But if you don't be-have, I'll walk right out on you. If you want my love then

C7 F G7

take my ad - vice. Treat me nice. When nice.

C D7 G7 (Tacet) C F7 G7 (b) C F7 C

GOT A LOT OF LIVIN' TO DO

Words and Music by Aaron H. Schroeder (1926-2009) and Ben Weisman (1921-2007)
(Brano inciso da Elvis Presley in tonalità di Fa maggiore)

Bright tempo ♩ = 162

4 *mf*

VERSE Ab Bb7 Eb Ab Eb

1. There's a moon - that's big and bright in the Milk - y Way to - night, But the
(2. You're the) pret-ti-est thing I've seen, but you treat me so dog-gone mean, Ain't-cha

mf

Ab7 Eb Ab7 Eb

way you act you nev-er would know it's there. Now, ba-by,
got no heart? I'm dy-in' to hold you near. Why do you

Ab Eb

time's a wast-in' a lot o' kiss-es I ain't been tast-in' Don't
keep me wait-in' why don't-cha start co-op-er-at-in' Ain't the

Bb7

know a-bout you but I'm a-gon-na get my share. Oh, yes, I've—
things I say the things you wan-na hear?

Ab CHORUS Bb7 Eb (Tacet)

Got a lot o' liv-in' to do, Whole lot o' lov-in' to do. Come on,
ba-by! To make it fun it takes two. Oh, yes, I've got a lot o'

Bb7 Eb

liv-in' to do, Whole lot o' lov-in' to do, And there's no one who I'd rath-er
do it with-a than you! 2. You're the you!

Ab7 Eb (Tacet) Bb7

1 2

do it with-a than you! 2. You're the you!

Ab7 Eb

1 2

do it with-a than you! 2. You're the you!

Ab7 Eb

MY BABY LEFT ME

Words and Music by Arthur William Crudup (1905-1974)

(Brano inciso da Elvis Presley in tonalità di La maggiore)

Moderately bright ♩ = 163

5

CHORUS
tacet

1. Yes, my ba - by
2. Now, I stand at my

left me, win - dow, nev - er said a word. Was it
wring my hands and cry. I hate to

some - thing I done, some - thing that she heard? My ba - by left me,
lose that wo - man, hate to say good - bye. You know she left me,

F Bb7

my ba - by left me, yes, she left me, My ba - by e - ven My ba - by e - ven

left me, nev - er said a word. left me, nev - er said a word.

1 tacet 2

F

3. Baby, one of these mornings, Lord, it won't be long,
You'll look for me and, Baby, and Daddy he'll be gone.
You know you left me, you know you left me.
My baby even left me, never said goodbye.
4. Now, I stand at my window, wring my hands and moan.
All I know is that the one I love is gone.
My baby left me, you know she left me.
My baby even left me, never said a word.

MY BABY LEFT ME

Words and music by Arthur W. Crudup (1905-1974)

Yes my baby left me,
never said a word.
Was it something I done,
something that she heard?

My baby left me,
my baby left me.
My baby even left me,
never said a word.

Now I stand at my window,
wring my hands and cry.
I hate to lose that woman,
hate to say goodbye.

You know she left me,
yes, she left me.
My baby even left me,
never said a word.

Baby, one of these mornings,
Lord, it won't be long,
You'll look for me and,
Baby, and daddy he'll be gone.

You know you left me,
you know you left me.
My baby even left me,
never said goodbye.

Now, I stand at my window,
wring my hands and moan.
All I know is that
the one I love is gone.

My baby left me,
you know she left me.
My baby even left me,
never said a word.

ALL SHOOK UP

Words and Music by Otis Blackwell (1931-2002) and Elvis Aaron Presley

Medium Shuffle Rhythm ♩ = 171

6

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note bass line. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "A-well-a, bless my soul, What's wrong with me? I'm itch-ing like a man on a". The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and a right hand with chords and moving lines.

Sib

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "fuz - zy tree My friends say I'm act - in' queer as a bug I'm in love I'm". The piano part continues with a steady eighth-note bass line and a right hand with chords and moving lines.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "All Shook Up! Nm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! My". The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and a right hand with chords and moving lines.

Mib7 Fa7 Sib Mib7 Sib

hands are sha - ky and my knees are weak, I can't seem to stand on my

Sib

own two feet, Who do you thank when you have such luck? I'm in love! I'm

All Shook Up! Mm mm, oh, oh, yeah, yeah! _____

Mib7 Fa7 Sib Mib7 Sib

1:29
2:49

1. Please don't ask what's on my mind, I'm a lit-tle mixed up but I'm feel - in' fine When I'm
2. Tongue get's tied when I try to speak, My in - side shakes like a leaf on a tree, There's

Mib7 Sib

near that girl that I love best, My heart beats so it scares me to death!
on-ly one cure for this soul of mine, That's to have the girl that I love so fine! She

Opt

Mib7 Fa7

touched my hand, What a chill I got, Her kisses are like a vol -

Sib

-ca-no that's hot! I'm proud to say she's my but - ter cup, I'm in love! I'm

1

All Shook Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, - yeah! 2 My

Mib7 Fa7 Sib Mib7 Sib

12

yeah! I'm All Shook Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! I'm

Sib Mib7 Fa7 Sib

All Shook Up! Mm mm oh, oh, yeah, yeah! I'm All Shook Up!

Mib7 Fa7 Sib 16

ONE NIGHT

Words and Music by David Louis Bartholomew (1918-VIVENTE) and Pearl King (1942-1967)
(Brano inciso da Elvis Presley in tonalità di Mi maggiore)

7

Slowly $\text{♩} = 79$

Dm7 3 G7 C F G7

CHORUS (tacet)

C SOLO

One night with you is what I'm now pray-ing for. The things that

Dm7 3 G7

we two could plan would make my dreams come true. Just call my name

Dm7 3 G7 Dm7 G7 C G7+ C

and I'll be right by your side. I want your sweet helping hand; My love's too strong to

Dm7 3 G7 Dm7 3 G7 Dm7 G7

C C7 F7 C

hide. ——— Al-ways lived a ver-y qui-et life. I ain't nev- er did no

D7 G7 (tacet) G7+

wrong. Now I know that life with-out you — has been too lone-ly too long. — One night with

C Dm7 3 G7 Dm7 3 G7

you is what I'm now pray-ing for. The things that we two could plan

Dm7 G7 C F7 G7 (tacet) C F7 C

would make my dreams come true. One night with true. ———

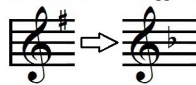
LOVE ME

Words and Music by Jerome Leiber (1933-2011) and Michael Stoller (1933-vivente)

(Brano inciso da Elvis Presley in tonalità di Mi maggiore)

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI FA MAGGIORE

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di FA maggiore



Moderately $\text{♩} = 79$

8

CHORUS

Re7
LA

Re7

Re7
LA

Re7

Sol

Do7

Sol

Treat me like a fool, treat me mean and cruel, but love me. Break my faith-ful

+ Sol

Sol 7

Do

heart, tear it all a - part, but love me. If you ev - er go, dar-ling, I'll be,

D7

D7+

G

G#dim7

D7

G

oh, so lone-ly. I'll be sad and blue crying o - ver you, dear, on-ly.

G7

G

D7

G

C

I would beg and steal ————— just — to feel —————

G Tacet C G

your heart ————— beat-ing close to mine. —————

A7 D7 A7

Ev-'ry night I pray to the stars that shine a - bove me, ————— Begging on my

D7 G G7 C

knees, all I ask is please, — please, love me. ————— Treat me like a —

D7 G C G G

1 2

TRYING TO GET TO YOU

Words and Music by Rose Marie Inton "McCoy" (1922-2015) and Charles Fowler Singleton Jr. (1913-1985)
(Brano inciso da Elvis Presley in tonalità di La maggiore)

(Moderato (with a beat) ♩ = 86)

9

Fa Fam Do

I've been trav'-lin' o-ver moun - tains, ev -en thru the val -leys too,

Do Do

I've been trav'-lin' night and day, I've been run -nin' all the way, Ba - by, try-in' to get to

Fa Fam

you. {Ev-er since I read your let - ter, where you said you loved me
If I had to do it o - ver, that's ex -act - ly what I'd

Do tacet. * Do

true, _____ I've been trav'-lin' night and day, I've been run-nin' all the
do, _____ I would trav-el night and day, and I'd still run all the

Fa

way, Ba - by try-in' to get to you. When I read your lov - in'
way, Ba - by try-in' to get to you. There was noth - in' that could

Fam Do Do7

let hold - ter, then my heart be - gan to sing,
me or could keep me 'away from you,

Fa7 Do

— There were man-y miles be - tween us, But they did - n't mean a
— When your lov - in' let - ter told me that you real - ly loved me

Do7 Fa

thing. I just had to reach you, Ba - by
true. Lord a - bove, you know I love you,

Re7 Re7^(5b) Sol7 tacet. * Do
LAb

spite of all that I've been through. I kept trav-'lin' night and
It was He that brought me through. When my way was dark at

day, I kept run - nin' all the way, Ba - by, try - in' to get to
night, He would shine His bright - est light, when I was try - in' to get to

Fa Fam

1 you. I've been trav-'lin' o-ver you. 2
you.

Do (tacet) * Do

TRYING TO GET TO YOU

Words and music by Rose Marie McCoy and Charles Singleton

I've been traveling over miles
Even through the valleys, too
I've been traveling night and day
I've been running all the way
Baby, trying to get to you.

Ever since I read your letter
Where you said you loved me true
I've been traveling night and day
I've been running all the way
Baby, trying to get to you

When I read your loving letter
Then my heart began to sing
There were many miles between us,
But they didn't mean a thing.

I just had to reach you, baby,
In spite of all that I've been through.
I kept traveling night and day,
I kept running all the way,
Baby, trying to get to you.

*Well if I had to do it over
That's exactly what I'd do,
I would travel night and day,
And I'd still run all the way,
Baby, trying to get to you.*

Well, there's nothing that could hold me
Or that could keep me away from you
When your loving letter told me
That you really loved me true

Lord above me knows I love you
It was He who brought me through,
When my way was darkest night,
He would shine His brightest light,
When I was trying to get to you.

HEARTBREAK HOTEL

Words and Music by Mae Boren Axton ("Regina Madre di Nashville"; 1914-1997), Thomas Russell Durden (1919-1999) and Elvis Aaron Presley
(Brano inciso da Elvis Presley in tonalità di La maggiore)

Blues tempo ♩ = 94

10

Now

Do since my ba - by left me I've found a new place to dwell. Do7 Down at the end of lone-ly street at

Do7 Fa7 Do Heart Break Ho-tel I'm so lone-ly, I'm so lone-ly, I'm so

Fa7 Do lone-ly that I could die! Do And tho' it's al - ways crowd-ed you can

Do still finds some room for bro-ken heart-³ ed lov-ers to — cry there in — the gloom and be so

Fa7 lone-ly, — oh so lone-ly, — oh so lone-ly — they could die! The

Do bell-hop's tears keep flow-ing the desk clerk's dressed in black, they've been so long — on lone-ly street they if your ba-by leaves and you have a tale to tell, just take a walk down lone-ly street to

Do7 nev-er will go back and they're so lone-ly oh they're so lone-ly They're so Heart Break Ho-tel where you'll be lone-ly and I'll be lone-ly, we'll be so

Fa7 lone-ly — they pray to die. So die. lone-ly — that we could

1. Do 2. Do

rit.

RETURN TO SENDER

Words and Music by Otis Blackwell (1931-2002) and Winfields Scott (1920-2015)

(Brano inciso da Elvis Presley in tonalità di Mi bemolle maggiore)

Moderately ♩ = 110

11

(C) (Am) (Dm7) (G7)

mf

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The first measure is in C major with a melody of quarter notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The second measure is in A minor with a melody of quarter notes A4, G4, F4, E4, D4 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The third measure is in D minor with a melody of quarter notes D4, C4, B3, A3, G3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The fourth measure is in G7 with a melody of quarter notes G3, F3, E3, D3, C3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2.

Chorus

C Am Dm

I gave a let - ter to the post - man; he put it in his
So then I dropped it in the mail - box and sent it Spe - cial

mf

The first system of the chorus consists of four measures. The first measure is in C major with a melody of quarter notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The second measure is in A minor with a melody of quarter notes A4, G4, F4, E4, D4 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The third measure is in D minor with a melody of quarter notes D4, C4, B3, A3, G3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The fourth measure is in G7 with a melody of quarter notes G3, F3, E3, D3, C3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2.

G7 C Am

sack. Bright and ear - ly next morn - ing — he
D. Bright and ear - ly next morn - ing — it

The second system of the chorus consists of four measures. The first measure is in G7 with a melody of quarter notes G3, F3, E3, D3, C3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The second measure is in C major with a melody of quarter notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The third measure is in A minor with a melody of quarter notes A4, G4, F4, E4, D4 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The fourth measure is in D minor with a melody of quarter notes D4, C4, B3, A3, G3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2.

Dm G7 C (Tacet) F G7

brought my let - ter back. She wrote up - on it: Re - turn - to send - er,
came right back to me.

The third system of the chorus consists of four measures. The first measure is in D minor with a melody of quarter notes D4, C4, B3, A3, G3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The second measure is in G7 with a melody of quarter notes G3, F3, E3, D3, C3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The third measure is in C major with a melody of quarter notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2. The fourth measure is in F major with a melody of quarter notes F4, E4, D4, C4, B3 and a bass line of quarter notes C3, F2, G2, A2.

F G7 F G7

ad - dress un - known. No such num - ber,

C 1. C7 F G7

no such zone. We had a quar - rel,

F G7 D7

a lov - er's spat. I write I'm sor - ry but my

G7 2. C C7 F

let - ter keeps com - ing back. zone. This time I'm gon - na

F C D7

take it my-self and put it right in her hand. And if it comes back the

G7 (Tacet) (A) F

ver - y next day, Then I'll un-der - stand the writ-ing on it. Re-turn to

G7 F G7 F

send - er, ad - dress un - known. No such

G7 C 1. C C7 Return to (A) 2. C F7 C

num-ber, no such zone. zone.

RETURN TO SENDER

Words and Music by
Otis Blackwell and Winfield Scott

I gave a letter to the postman,
he put it his sack.
Bright in early next morning,
he brought my letter back.

[coro] She wrote upon it:
Return to sender, address unknown.
No such number, no such zone.
We had a quarrel, a lover's spat
I write I'm sorry but my letter keeps coming back.

So then I dropped it in the mailbox
And sent it special "D".
Bright in early next morning
it came right back to me.

[coro] She wrote upon it:
Return to sender, address unknown.
No such person, no such zone.

This time I'm gonna take it myself
and put it right in her hand.
And if it comes back the very next day
then I'll understand

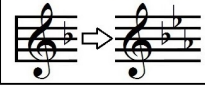
[coro] the writing on it
Return to sender, address unknown.
No such number, no such zone.
Return to sender, Return to sender,
Return to sender, Return to sender...

I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVIN'

Words and Music by Cynthia Weill (1940-vivente) and Barry Imberman (1939-vivente)

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI MI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di MI bebolle



Moderately ♩ = 107

12

mf

mp

F

Fmaj7

Fa

Fmaj7

Bb6 (F bass)

Sib6 FA

Bb6 (C bass)

F

Sib6 DO

FA

I just can't help be - liev - in' when she smiles up soft an gen -
just can't help be - liev - in' when she slips her hand in my

tle, With a trace of mist - y morn - ing and a
hand, And it feels so small and help - less that my

prom - ise of to - mor - row in her eyes.
fin - gers fold a - round it like a glove.

F

And I just can't help be - liev - in' _____ when she's
 And I just can't help be - liev - in' _____ when she's

Fa

Fmaj7

ly - ing close be - side _____ me, _____ And my heart beats with the rhy -
 whis - per - in' her mag - ic, _____ And her tears are shin - in' hon -

Fmaj7

Dom
FA

Bb (F bass)

_____ thm _____ of her sighs. _____
 _____ ey _____ sweet with love. _____

Sib
FA

Sibm
FA

F

Bb (F bass)

This time the girl is gon - na stay, _____

Fa

Sib
FA


 (F bass)

 (F bass)

This time the girl is gon-na stay,—

 Fa
 Sib FA
 Sibmaj9 FA

 Cbmaj9 (C bass)
NC
 F

For more than just — a day.

 Sibmaj9 DO
Fa

 Bbmaj9 (C bass)
1. 2.

I For more than just — a day..

 F

Keep repeating and fade-out

 Fa

I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVIN'

Words and Music by Cynthia Weill (1940-vivente) and Barry Imberman (1939-vivente)

(Brano inciso da Elvis Presley in tonalità di Mi bemolle maggiore)

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI MI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

I just can't help believin'
When she smiles up soft and gentle
With a trace of misty morning
And the promise of tomorrow in her eyes

I just can't help believin'
When she's lying close beside me
And my heart beats with the
Rhythm of her sighs

This time the girl is gonna stay
This time the girl is gonna stay
For more than just a day

Oh, I just can't help believin'
When she slips her hand in my hand
And it feels so small and helpless
And my fingers fold around it like a glove

I just can't help believin'
When she's whispering her magic
And her tears are shining
Honey sweet with love

This time the girl is gonna stay
(*This time the girl is gonna stay*)
This time the girl is gonna stay
For more than just a day

Interludio orchestrale.....

.....

For more than just a day

Oh, I just can't help believin'
When she slips her hand in my hand
And it feels so small and helpless
And my fingers fold around it like a glove

I just can't help believin'
When she's whispering her magic
And her tears are shining
Honey sweet with love
This time the girl is gonna stay
(*This time the girl is gonna stay*)
This time the girl is gonna stay
For more than just a day
(*Oh, I just can't help believin'*)

NON CREDO AGLI OCCHI MIEI

Words and Music by Cynthia Weill (1940-vivente) and Barry Imberman (1939-vivente)

(Versione italiana di "I just can't help believin'")

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI MI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

13 Moderately $\text{♩} = 107$ Non

cre - do a - gli oc - chi mie - i quan - do tu mi guar - di in vi -
cre - do a - gli oc - chi mie - i quan - do ve - do la tua ma -

Fa Fa⁷⁺

- so e fa - cen - do - mi un sor - ri so mi ri -
- no che le - van - do - si pian pia - no con fi -

Sib⁶

- pe - tian - co - ra che vuoi be - ne a me.
- du - cia chie - de pro - te - zio - ne a me.

Fa

Sì, non cre - do a - gli oc - chi mie - i quan - do
Sì, non cre - do a - gli oc - chi mie - i: sem - bra un

tu mi sei vi - ci - no e de - ci - sa poi mi at - ti - ri ver - so
so - gno trop - po bel - lo... Se mi sve - glio for - se tut - to fi - ni -

Fa⁷⁺ Dom

te.
- rà.

Sib Sibm

Ep - pu - re tu sei qui con me _____ Ep - pu - re

tu sei qui con me _____ e re - ste - rai con me...

1. Non 2. e re - ste - rai con me.

ripete ad libitum

Non credo agli occhi miei
 quando tu mi guardi in viso
 e facendomi un sorriso
 mi ripeti ancora che vuoi bene a me.
 Sì, non credo agli occhi miei
 quando tu mi sei vicino
 e decisa poi mi attiri verso te.
 Eppure tu sei qui con me.
 Eppure tu sei qui con me
 e resterai con me.
 Non credo agli occhi miei
 quando vedo la tua mano
 che levandosi pian piano
 con fiducia chiede protezione a me.
 Sì, non credo agli occhi miei:
 sembra un sogno troppo bello...
 Se mi sveglio forse tutto finirà.
 Eppure tu sei qui con me.
 Eppure tu sei qui con me
 e resterai con me...
 e resterai con me.

I just can't help believin'
 When she smiles up soft an gentle,
 With a trace of misty morning
 and a promise of tomorrow in her eyes.
 And I just can't help believin'
 When she's lying close beside me.
 And my heart beats with the rhythn of her sighs,
 This time the girl is gonna stay,
 This time the girl is gonna stay,
 For more than just a day.

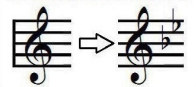
I just can't help believin'
 When she slip her hand in my hand,
 And it feels so mall and helpless
 That my fingers fold around it like a glove.
 And I just can't help believin'
 When she's whisperin' her magic,
 And her tears are shinin' honey sweet with love.
 This time the girl is gonna stay,
 This time the girl is gonna stay,
 For more than just a day.
 For more than just a day.

IN THE GHETTO

Words and Music by Scott Davis

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI SI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di SI bemolle



Slowly, with feeling ♩ = 97

14

As the

C snow flies on a cold and gray Chi-ca - go morn - in', A

F G7 C poor_ lit - tle ba - by child_ is born_ In The Ghet - to._

C And his ma-ma cries._ 'Cause if

Em F G7

there's one thing she does - n't need_ It's an - oth - er hun - gry mouth_ to feed In The

C G

Ghet-to._ Peo-ple, don't you un-der-stand, the child needs a

F C F G7

help - ing hand, Or he'll grow to be an an - gry young man some-

C F C C F C G

day. Take a look at you and me, Are we too

blind to see, — Or do we sim - ply turn our heads and

look the oth - er way? Well, the world turns — and a

hun - gry lit - tle boy ' with the run - ny nose Plays in the street as the cold wind blows In The

Ghet - to, — And his hun - ger burns —

rit.

a tempo

Em

And he starts to roam_ the streets_ at night And he

F G7 C

learns how to steal and he learns_ how to fight In The Ghet-to._ And

G F C

then one night, in des - per - a - tion, a young man_ breaks a - way, _ He

F Em Dm G7

buys a gun,_ steals a car,_ tries to run,_ but he don't get far, and his

C F C F C Em

ma-ma cries. — As a crowd gath-ers 'round an an - gry young man, face

F G7 C

down_ in the street with a gun_ in his hand_ In The Ghet-to. — And as her

C Em

young man dies, On a cold and gray Chi - ca - go morn-in', An -

F G7 C

oth-er lit-tle ba - by child_ is born_ In The Ghet - to. —

rit.

As the snow flies
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'
A poor little baby child is born
In the ghetto

And his mama cries
'cause if there's one thing that she don't need
it's another hungry mouth to feed
In the ghetto

People, don't you understand
the child needs a helping hand
or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day
Take a look at you and me,
are we too blind to see,
do we simply turn our heads
and look the other way

Well the world turns
and a hungry little boy with a runny nose
plays in the street as the cold wind blows
In the ghetto

And his hunger burns
so he starts to roam the streets at night
and he learns how to steal
and he learns how to fight
In the ghetto

Then one night in desperation
a young man breaks away
He buys a gun, steals a car,
tries to run, but he don't get far

And his mama cries
As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man
face down on the street with a gun in his hand
In the ghetto

As her young man dies,
on a cold and gray Chicago mornin',
another little baby child is born
In the ghetto

And his mama cries (*in the ghetto*)
(*In the ghetto*) (*Aah-aah*)

NEGRO

Words and Music by Scott Mc Davis

(Versione italiana di "In the ghetto" - Testo italiano di SERGIO BARDOTTI)

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI SI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

15 *Lentamente Beat (in 4) ♩ = 97* Ne - vi -

Sib

- ca - va _____ nel-la fred-da not-te di New York ven-ne al

Sib Rem

mondoun al-tro fi-glio, un fi-glio in più: e-ra ne-gro. E sua

Mib Fa Sib Coro: e-ra ne-gro

ma - dre _____ lo ba - cia-va ma pian-ge-va per-chè e - ra

Rem

so-loun'al-tra boc-ca u-na fa-me in più: e-ra ne-gro. Cer-ca-te di ca-

Mib Fa Sib e-ra ne-gro

-pi - re un bim-bo che non ha nien-te _____ quan-do sa-rà più gran-de co - sa a -

Fa Mib Sib Mib Fa

-vrà: _____ sol-tan-to il de-si - de - rio dia-ve-re tan - te co-se, -

Sib Fa Mib6 Sib

tan-te co-se che la vi-ta a lui non da-rà mai, e si perde-rà. Ed un

Mib Rem Mib Fa Sib

pic-co-lo ra-gaz-zo co-min-cia già a da-re pu-gni agli a-mi-ci che so-no
 Rem Mib Fa

ne-gri._ O-ra è gran-de_ e di
 Sib so-no ne-gri_

not-te a ca-sa non va più_ ed im - pa-ra a ru-ba-re ed im-pa-ra a scap-par per-chè è
 Rem Mib Fa

ne-gro._ Eu-na not-te di-spe-ra-ta pren-de u-na pi-sto-la,_
 Sib perchè è ne-gro_ Rem Mib Sib

ru-ba un au-to per fug-gi-re ma lon-ta-no non ci va: lou-ci-do - no._
 Mib Rem Mib Fa Sib

E sua ma-dre pian-ge e la gen-te in-tor-no si sco-pre il ca-po davan-ti a lui: so-no
 Rem Mib Fa

ne-gri._ C'è la ne-ve_ nel-la
 Sib so-no ne-gri_ so-no ne-gri_

ca-sa lì da-van-ti gri-da-no, vie-ne al mon-do un al-tro fi-glio in più ed è ne-gro_
 Rem Mib Fa Sib ed è

ed è ne-gro._
 ne-gro_ ed è ne-gro_

DON'T LEAVE ME NOW

Words and Music by Aaron Schroeder and Ben Weisman

Moderately slow ♩ = 109

Chorus
(Tacet)37 SOLO
C

16

Don't leave me now, _____

— now that I need — you. — How blue and lonely I'd be —

— if you should say — we're through. — Don't break my heart, —

Chords: C7, F, G7, G7+, C, C#dim7, G7 (Tacet), C

— This heart that loves — you. — There'd just be noth-in' for me —

— If you should leave — me now. — What good is

dream - ing — if I must dream all a - lone — by — my -

self? With-out you, dar - lin', — My dreams would just gath-er

G7 (Tacet)

dust like a book on a shelf. Come — fill — these arms,

mp

C G7 F

That long to hold — you. — Don't close your

G7 (Tacet)

eyes to my plea. — Oh, don't you leave — me now! —

1. C Ab7

G7 (Tacet)

Don't — leave — me now, — now! —

2. C F7 C

mp *ff*

DON'T LEAVE ME NOW

Words and Music by
AARON H. SCHROEDER and BENJAMIN WEISMAN

Don't leave me now
Now that I need you
How blue and lonely I'd be
If you should say we're through

Don't break my heart
This heart that loves you
They'll just be nothing for me
If you should leave me now

What good is dreamin'
If I must dream all alone by myself
Without you darling
My arms would gather dust

Come to these arms
These arms that need you
Don't close your eyes to my plea
Don't leave me now
(Don't leave me now)

Don't close your eyes to my plea
Don't leave me now
(Don't leave me now)

DON'T CRY DADDY

Words and Music by Morris Mac Davis

Moderato, with feeling ♩ = 78

17

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato, with feeling' and '♩ = 78'. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both in the key of D major. The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note D, then a quarter note E, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady quarter-note pattern: D, F#, A, D.

Verse

Re

The first line of the verse is in 4/4 time. The melody in the right hand starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note D, then a quarter note E, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady quarter-note pattern: D, F#, A, D. The lyrics are: 1. To - day I stum - bled from my bed, with 2. Why are chil - dren al - ways first to

Fa#

Sol

The second line of the verse is in 4/4 time. The melody in the right hand starts with a quarter note D, then a quarter note E, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady quarter-note pattern: D, F#, A, D. The lyrics are: thun - der crash - ing in my head, My pil - low still wet from last night's feel the pain and hurt the worst, It's true, but some - how it just don't seem

Re

Do (RE)

Re

The third line of the verse is in 4/4 time. The melody in the right hand starts with a quarter note D, then a quarter note E, and continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass line consists of a steady quarter-note pattern: D, F#, A, D. The lyrics are: tears. right. And as I think of giv - ing up, a voice 'Cause ev - 'ry time I cry I know it hurts

Fa# **Sol**

in - side my cof - fee cup, kept cry - ing but _____ and ring - ing in my
 my lit - tle chil - dren so, I won - der _____ will it be _____ the _____ same to -

Do **La** **Chorus** **Re**

ears. _____
 night. _____ } Don't cry Dad - dy, _____

Mim **La**

Dad - dy, please don't cry; _____ Dad - dy,

Sol **La** **Re** **Sol**

you've still got me and lit - tle Tom - my, To - geth - er we'll find a brand _____ new mom - my,

Re La7

Dad - dy, Dad - dy, please laugh a - gain, — Dad - dy, ride — us on your back a - gain, — Oh,

Sol Fa#m Mim La7 Re 1. Fa (Re) Sol (Re)

Dad - dy, please don't cry.

Re Do (Re) Re Do (Re)

52 2. Fa (Re) Sol Fa#m Mim La7 Re

Oh, Dad - dy, please don't cry. —

DON'T CRY DADDY

Words and music by Morris Mac Davis

Today I stumbled from my bed
With thunder crashing in my head
My pillow still wet
From last night tears

And as I think of giving up
A voice inside my coffee-cup
Kept crying out
And ringing in my ears

Don't cry, daddy
Daddy, please, don't cry
Daddy, you've still got me and little Tommy
Together we'll find a brand new mommy
Daddy, daddy, please, laugh again
Daddy ride us on your back again
Oh, daddy, please, don't cry

Why are children always first
To feel the pain and hurt the worst
It's true, but somehow
It just don't seem right

'Cause ev'ry time I cry, I know
It hurts my little children so
I wonder will it be the same tonight

Don't cry, daddy
Daddy, please, don't cry
Daddy, you've still got me and little Tommy
Together we'll find a brand new mommy
Daddy, daddy, please, laugh again
Daddy ride us on your back again
Oh, daddy, please, don't cry

Oh, daddy, please, don't cry

LOVE ME TENDER

Words and Music by Elvis Aaron Presley (1935-1977) and Vera Matson (1909-1994)

Moderately slow

18

VERSE

1. Love me ten - der, love me sweet;
 2. Love me ten - der, love me long;
 3. Love me ten - der, love me dear;
Extra Verse When at last my dreams come true,

G A7

Never let me go. You have made my
 Take me to your heart. For it's there that
 Tell me you are mine. I'll be yours through
 Dar - ling, this I know. Hap - pi - ness will

D7 D7 G G

life com - plete, And I love you so.
 I be - long, And we'll nev - er part.
 all the years, Till the end of time.
 fol - low you Ev - 'ry - where you go

A7 D7 D7 G

CHORUS

Love me ten - der, love me true, All my dreams ful -

mf G B7 Em G7 C Cm

- fill For, my dar - lin', I love you,

G G Dm6 E7+ E7 A7

1 2

And I al - ways will. And I al - ways will.

D7 D7 G Am7 D7 D7 D7 G

sus4 *sus4*

(Versione italiana di "Love Me Tender" - Testo italiano di MARIO PANZERI - 1911-1991)

19

55

Dolcemente
più che mai
parlerò di te.
Dolcemente
anche se
non sei più con me.
Tu soltanto
capirai
che non è così
ed allora soffrirai
forse più di me.

Dolcemente
più che mai
parlerò di te.
Dolcemente
come se
non soffrissi più.
Tu soltanto
capirai
che non è così
ed allora
soffrirai
forse più di me.

A CHI

Words and music by JIMMIE CRANE and AL CRANE
(Versione italiana di "HURT" - Testo di GIULIO RAPETTI MOGOL)

Lento

20

A - a chi

sor - ri - de - rò se non a te. A chi

se tu, tu non sei più qui

Or-mai è fi - ni - ta, è fi - ni - ta, tra di

noi. Ma for - se un po' del-la mia vi - ta è ri -

- ma - sta ne - gli oc - chi tuo-i. A chi

io par - le - rò, se non a te. A chi

Re m Mi b

Re m Sol 7

Do m Fa Fa 5+ Si b 6

Si b Sol m Do 7

Mi b m Fa 7 Mi b m Si b

Re m Mi b

rac-con-te-rò tut-ti i so-gni miei. — Lo

sai m'hai fatto ma-le — la - scian - do-mi só - lo — co -

- si, ma non im - por - ta, — io ti a - spet - te -

1. -rò. — A - a 2. -rò. —

Chords: Mi b, Re m, Sol 7, Do m, Mi b m, Si b, Si b dim. La b 6, Sol 7, Do m, Mi b m, Fa 7, Si b, Mi b m, Si b 6.

A-a chi
sorriderò
se non a te.
A chi
se, tu non sei più qui.
Ormai
è finita
è finita, tra di noi.
Ma forse un po' della mia vita
è rimasta negli occhi tuoi.
A-a chi
io parlerò
se non a te.
A chi
racconterò tutti i sogni miei.
Lo sai
m'hai fatto male
lasciandomi solo così
ma non importa,
io ti aspetterò.

CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE

Words and Music by George Weiss, Hugo Peretti and Luigi Creatore

Slowly

21

Wise men

(Mib) (Sib⁷) (Mib) Mib Solm

say — on-ly fools rush in, But I can't

Dom Lab Mib Sib⁷ Lab Sib⁷

help falling in love with you. Shall I

Dom Fam Mib Sib⁷ Mib Mib Solm

stay — would it be a sin If I can't

Dom La^b Mib Sib⁷ Lab Sib⁷

help fall-ing in love with you. Like a riv-er flows

Dom Fam Mib Sib Mib Solm Lam Re

sure-ly to the sea Dar-ling so it goes some things are meant to be

Solm Lam Re Solm Lam Re⁷ Solm Do⁷ Fam⁷ Sib⁷

Take my hand, — take my whole life too For

Mib Solm Dom Lab Mib Sib⁷

I can't help fall-ing in love with you.

Lab Sib Dom Fam Mib Sib Mib

UNCHAINED MELODY

Words and Music by H. Zaret (alias Hyaman Harry Zaritsky, 1907-2007)
and Alex North (alias Isadore Soifer, 1910-1991)

Slow Terzinato $\text{♩} = 60$ Strumenti in DO

22

Chit

Sol

Oh my love, my

Sol Mim

dar - ling I've hun - gered for your

Do7+ Re7

touch a - long, lone - ly

Sol Mim

time. Time goes

Re7³ Archi Sol Segue arpeggio

by so slow - ly and

Mim Do7+ Do6 Do

time can do so much, are

Archi 8^a Re7 Re6 Sol

you _____ still mine? _____ I need _____ your love, _____

Mim Re7 Sol

I _____ need _____ your love, _____

Re7 Mim

God speed _____ your love to _____ me!

Sim7/Re Lam/Do Re7

Chit. Sol Sol7³

Lone - ly _____ ri - vers flow _____ to the sea, _____ to the sea

Armonie Celli e V.le Do7+ Re Do Sib

to the _____ o - pen arms _____ to the sea.

Do7+ Re Sol

Lone - ly _____ ri - vers sigh, _____ "Wait for me, _____ wait for me!"

Do Re Do Sib

I'll be _____ com - ing home _____ wait for me! _____

Do Re Sol

Oh my love, my dar - ling I've

Coro *Segue arpeggio*

Sol Mim Do7+

hun - gered for your touch a - long, lone - ly

Re7 Sol Mim

time. And time goes

Re4/7 Re7 Sol

by so slow - ly and

Mim Do7+

time can do so much, are you still

Re7 Sol Mim

mine? I need your

Sim Re7 Sol

love, I I need your love, God

Re Mim Sim

speed your love to me!

Lam7(Do) Re7 *Archi* *ff* Sol Mim

Do7+ Do6 Dom6 Dom Sol

UNCHAINED MELODY

Words by H. Zaret (alias Hyman Harry Zaritsky 1907-2007)

Music by Alex North (alias Isadore Soifer, 1910-1991)

Oh, my love, my darling
I've hungered for your touch,
a long lonely time

And time goes by,
so slowly and time can do so much
Are you still mine?

I need your love,
I need your love
God speed your love
to me

Lonely rivers flow
to the sea, to the sea
To the waiting arms of the sea
Lonely rivers cry,
wait for me, wait for me
To the open arms, wait for me

My love, my darling,
I've hungered for your kiss
Are you still mine?

I need your love,
I need your love
God, speed your love
to me

Musica di Giuseppe DONAGGIO

Lentamente

Sia-mo qui noi

23

mp v
Fam

p subito

so - li _____ co-me o-gni se - ra, _____ ma tu sei più tri - ste ed io lo so per-

- ché.

For-se tu vuoi dir - mi _____ che non sei fe - li - ce, _____ che io sto cam -

-bian - do e tu mi vuoi la - sciar...

I - o_chenon vi-vo più di un'o-ra.senza te,

co-me posso sta-re u-na vi-ta sen-za te? — Sei mi-a, — sei mi-a, — mainien - te, lo sai, — se-pa-

-rar-ci un gior - no po-trà.

Vie-ni qui, a - scol - ta-mi, _____ io ti vo-glio

be - ne... Te ne pre-go, fer - ma-ti an - co - ra in-sie - me a me.

I - o_che non vi - vo_più di u-n'o -ra_sen-za te,

co-me posso sta-re__u-na vi - ta_sen-za te?__ Sei

mi-a, _____ sei mi-a..._

I - o _ che non vi vo più di un'o-ra senza te, co-me posso stare _ u-na

vi-ta_senza te?_ Sei mi-a... _____ sei mi-a... _____ sei mi-a...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME

Music by Giuseppe Donaggio - Words by Vicki H. Wickham

When I said, I needed you
You said you would always stay
It wasn't me who changed, but you
And know you've gone away

Don't you know that now you're gone
And I'm left here on my own
Then I have to follow you
And beg you to come home

You don't have to say you love me
Just be close at hand
You don't have to stay forever
I will understand
Believe me, believe me
I can't help I love you
But believe me, I'll never tie you down

Left alone with just a memory
Life seems dead and so unreal
All that's left is loneliness
There's nothing left to feel

You don't have to say you love me
Just be close at hand
You don't have to stay forever
I will understand
Believe me, believe me

L'IMMENSITÀTesto di **DON BACKY - MOGOL**Musica di **Mariano DETTO**

24 *Slow*

pp Rem Rem 7 Sol Sol m Rem Rem 7

Sol Sol m Rem Rem 7 Sol Sol m Rem

Sib Re 7 Sol m Re m

Sol m

Re m Sol m

La 4 La 7 Rem segue Sol m

Re m Sol m

Re m Sol m Sol m 7

Orch. $\frac{4}{4}$

La 4 La 7 Re m Mibm Mibm 7 Lab Labm

Mibm Mibm 7 Lab Labm Mibm

Sib 4 Mib 7 Labm

Mibm Labm

Mibm Labm

Ripresa Canto

Sib 4 Sib 7 Mibm segue Labm

Mibm Labm

Mibm

ad lib.

Labm Labm 7 Sib 4 Sib 7 Mibm Mibm 7 Lab Labm

GUARDA CHE LUNA

Testo e musica di
Gualtiero MALGONI

Rock Slow

25

Mi m. Si7
 Mi m. La m. Sol Re7
 Guarda che lu - na, — guarda che
 ma-re! — Da que-sta not-te sen-za te do-vrò re - sta-re! — Fol-le d'a-
 -mo - re — vor - rei mo - ri - re — men - tre la
 lu - na di las-sù mi sta a guar - da - re. — Re - sta sol -
 -tan - to — tut - to il rim - pian - to — per - chè ho pec -

-ca-to nel de-si - de-rar-ti tan-to. — O-ra son so-lo a ri-cor-da-re e vor-

-rei po - ter - ti di - re: Guar-da che lu - na! — Guar-da che

1. ma - re! — Guarda che 2. ma - re! — Guarda che lu - na! — Guarda che

ma - re! — Che lu - na! —

Mim. Lam. Lam.6 Fa 9 Mim. Lam. Si 7 Mim. Lam. Mim. Mi 7 La Lam. Si 9 m. Mi m. Lam. Mim.

Guarda che luna,
 guarda che mare!
 Da questa notte senza te dovrò restare!
 Folle d'amore
 vorrei morire
 mentre la luna di lassù mi sta a guardare.
 Resta soltanto
 tutto il rimpianto
 perché ho peccato nel desiderarti tanto.
 Ora son solo a ricordare
 e vorrei poterti dire:
 Guarda che luna!
 Guarda che mare!

.....

Guarda che luna!
 Guarda che mare!
 In questa notte, senza te, vorrei morire
 perché son solo a ricordare
 e vorrei sentirti dire:
 Guarda che luna!
 Guarda che mare!

LOVE IN PORTOFINO

Testo di Leo CHIOSSO
(1920-2006)

Musica di Ferdinando BUSCAGLIONE
(1921-1960)

26 *Ritornello*

Fa m. *Sol 7*

I found my love in Por-to - fi-no — per-chè nei so-gni credo an-
I found my love in Por-to - fi-no — down in that small i - ta-lian

Do m. *Re 7* *Lab 7*

-cor lo stranogio-co del de - sti-no — a Por-to - fi-no — m'ha preso il
bay and e-vrything was so "di - vi-no," in Por-to - fi-no — I found my

Sol 7 *Lab 7* *Sol 7* *Fa m.*

cuor. Nel dol-ce in-can-to del mat - ti - no —
way. The sun was shi-ning that "mat - ti - no," —

Sol 7 *Do m.*

il ma-re ti ha por-ta-to a me. Socchiu-do gli occhie e ame vi -
and so my words were just a few. I close my eyes and so "vi -

Re 7 *Lab 7* *Do m.*

-ci - no — a Por-to - fi - no — ri - ve - do te.
-ci - no — in Por - to - fi - no — I still see you.

Do 7 *Sib m. 6* *Do 7*

Ri-cor-doun an-go - lo di cie-lo — do-ve ti sta-vo ad a-spet-
There was a place made just for lo-vers — the sky and sea, a frien-dly

Fa m. 7 *Fa 6* *Reb 7*

-tar ri-cor-do il vol-to tan-to a-ma-to — e la tua bocca da ba-
bar ta-bles and chairs and la - zy waiters — a cur-ly boy playing gui-

La m. 7/5b Sol 7¹ Fa m.

- ciar. I found my love in Por - to - fi - no
- tar. And when it's night in Por - to - fi - no

Sol 7 Do m. Do m. 6

quei ba - ci più non scor-de - rò non è più tri-ste il mio cam -
the stars are twink ling up a - bove I close my eyes and so "vi -

1. Re 7 Lab 7 Do m.

- mi - no a Por - to - fi - no I found my love. I found my love in Por - to -
- ci - no in Por - to - fi - no I found my love. I found my love in Por - to -

2. Fa m. Sol 7 Do m.

- mi - no a Por - to - fi - no I found my lo - ve.
- ci - no in Por - to - fi - no I found my lo - ve.

Ritornello

I found my love in Portofino
perchè nei sogni credo ancor
lo strano gioco del destino
a Portofino m'ha preso il cuor.
Nel dolce incanto del mattino
il mare ti ha portato a me.
Socchiudi gli occhi e a me vicino
a Portofino rivedo te.
Ricordo un angolo di cielo
dove ti stavo ad aspettar
ricordo il volto tanto amato
e la tua bocca da baciare.
I found my love in Portofino
quei baci più non scorderò
non è più triste il mio cammino
a Portofino I found my love.

Refrain

I found my love in Portofino
down in that small italian bay
and evrything was so "divino,,
in Portofino I found my way.
The sun was shining that "mattino,,
and so my words were just a few:
I close my eyes and so "vicino,,
in Portofino I still see you.
There was a place made just for lovers
the sky and sea, a friendly bar
tables and chairs and lazy waiters
a curly boy playing guitar
And when it's night in Portofino
the stars are twinkling up above
I close my eyes and so "vicino,,
in Portofino I found my love.

HISTORIA DE UN AMOR

Words and music by **CARLOS ELETA ALMARAN (1918-2013)**

["STORIA DI UN AMORE" - Testo di Antonietta De Simone (1931-vivente) - Ornella Ferrari "Biri" (1909-1983)]

Tempo di Bolero

27 *mf* *mp*

Mim *Lam* *Si7*

Ritornello

an-no du-re-rà, for-se al-l'al-ba que-sto so-gno fi-ni-rà;
 la-do co-ra-zón en el al-ma so-lo ten-go so-le-dad

Lam *Si7* *Mim*

— ma già sento nel mio cuore che vi-vrò per questo a-more se il de-sti-no vor-
 — y si yo no pue-do ver-te por-que Dios me hizo que- rer-te para ha-cer-me su-frir

Re *Do*

-rà. For-se a-mo-re, for-se in-gan-no tro-ve-rò
 más. Siem-pre fui-ste lu-ra-zón de mi e-xi-stir

Si7 *Lam*

— sul-la boc-ca che sta-not-te ba-ce-rò; ma nel ma-gi-co mo-
 — a-do-rar-te pa-ra mi, fue re-li-gion y en tus be-sos yo en-con-

Si7 *Mim*

-mento d'un arden-te smar-ri-men-to so-lo in te cre-de-rò.
 -tru-ba el ca-lor que me brin-da-ba el a-mor y la pa-sión.

Re *Do* *Si9* *Mim* *Lam6*

— La tua bocca sul-la mi-a dol-ci co-se mi di-rà...
 — Es la hi-sto-ria de un a-mor co-mo no hay o-tro i-gual

Mim *Lam* *Lam6* *Si7* *Mim* *Si7*

la mia bocca sul-la tu - a le a - scol - te - rà...
 que me hi-xo compren - der el bien y el mal.

For-se un gior-no, for-se un an-no du-re-rà, for-se al-l'alba questo
 Ya no e-stás más a mi la-do co-ra-zón en el al-ma so-lo

so-gno fi-ni-rà; ma sta-not-te non pen - sa-re e con te fam-mi re -
 ten-go so-le-dad y si yo no pue-do ver-te por-qué Dios me hizo que-

1.
 -sta-re finche l'al-ba ver - rà. For-se un gior-no, forse un
 -rer-te para hacer-me su-frir más. Ya no e-stás más a mi

2.
 -rà.
 más.

Mim Lam Lam7 Re7 Sol7^{magg.} Sol6
 ff Si7 Lam Si7
 Mim Re
 Do Si7b Mim Lam Sol⁶ dim. Si7 mp
 Mim Lam Mim

Forse un giorno, forse un anno durerà,
 forse all'alba questo sogno finirà;
 ma già sento nel mio cuore
 che vivrò per questo amore
 se il destino vorrà.
 Forse amore, forse inganno troverò
 sulla bocca che stanotte bacerò;
 ma nel magico momento
 d'un ardente smarrimento
 solo in te crederò.
 La tua bocca nella mia
 dolci cose mi dirà...
 la mia bocca sulla tua
 le ascolterà...
 Forse un giorno, forse un anno durerà,
 forse all'alba questo sogno finirà;
 ma stanotte non pensare
 e con te fammi restare
 finché l'alba verrà.

Ya no estás más a mi lado corazón
 en el alma solo tengo soledad
 y si yo no puedo verte
 por qué Dios me hizo quererte
 para hacerme sufrir más.
 Siempre fuiste la razón de mi existir
 adorarte para mi fue religion
 y en tus besos yo encontraba
 el calor que me brindaba
 el amor y la pasión.
 Es la historia de un amor
 como no hay otro igual
 que me hizo comprender
 el bien y el mal.
 Ya no estás más a mi lado corazón
 en el alma solo tengo soledad
 y si yo no puedo verte
 por que Dios me hizo quererte
 para hacerme sufrir más

YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING

Music by ARTHUR COOB and D. RAY - Words by H. HEADBURN

["BRUTTISSIMA, BELLISSIMA" - Testo italiano di Alfredo Antonio Carlo Buongusto (1935-vivente) - Lorenzo Raggi (1948-vivente)]

Moderatamente

28

Arpegg. Fam *segue* Mib Reb7+ Do4 Do

Fam Eb Db7+ 4Fr. C4 C

Fam Mib Reb7+ Do4 Do

Sei brut -

-tis - si-ma col broncio e gli occhi bassi sei brut-tis - si-ma non morderti le labbra co-me

segue Mib7 Lab7+ Reb7+

Fam Fam7+ Fam7 Sibm7

Bbm7/9 Bbm7 Bbm7/Eb Eb7 Ab7+ 3Fr. Ab 4Fr. Gm7 3Fr. C7/4 3Fr. C7







fai co - sa sei co - sì. Non uc -

Sibm7/9 Sibm7 Sibm7 Mib Lab7+ Lab Solm7 Do7/4 Do7


Fam Fam7+ Fam7 Sibm7 Eb7 Ab7+ 3Fr. Db7+ 4Fr.

- ci - der-mi in fondo è tutta col-pa del-la mu-si-ca se ho persounpò di tempo insieme a
- ci - der-mi un ba-cio per vendetta e unpò di mu-si-ca a - des-so che ti strin-gi for-te a

Fam Fam7+ Fam7 Sibm7 Mib7 Lab7+ Reb7+

lei co-sa sei _____ a - mo-re. _____ Sei bel -
 me co-sa sei _____ a - mo-re. _____









- lis - si - ma le gam-be fra le braccia e gli oc-chi per - fi - di _____ sei dol -













- cis - si - ma ge - lo - sa più dei ric - cio - li che hai e poi sei bel -





- lis - si - ma scom-met-to che fra un po' ti met-ti a ri - de-re _____ sei bel -








- lis - si - ma a - des-so che ti strin-gi for-te a me _____ a - mo-re mio. -



1. Sei brut - tis - si - ma si fa co - si per di - re sei . bel -

Do7/4 Do Fam Fam7+ Fam7 segue Sibm7 Mib7

-lis - si - ma

Lab7+ Reb7+ Sibm7/9 Sibm7 Sibm7 Mib7

2. Non uc - Bel - lis - si - ma un

Lab7+ Lab Solm7 Do7/4 Do7 Do7/4 Fam Fam7+ Fam7

ba - cio per ven - detta e un po' di mu - si - ca è chia - ro che mi pro - vo - chi e lo

segue Sibm7 Mib7 Lab7+ Reb7+

sai co - sa sei a - mo - re. La la

Sibm7/9 Sibm7 Sibm7 Mib7 Lab7+ Lab Solm7 Do7/4 Do7

ripete ad lib. sfumando

YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING

Music by Arthur Cobb and D. Ray

Words by H. Headburn

You're my everything
The sun that shines above you
makes the blue bird sing
The stars that twinkle way up in the sky
Tell me I'm in love

when I kiss your lips
I feel the rolling thunder to my finger tips
And all the while my head in a spin
Deep with in I'm in love

You're my everything
and nothing Really matters but the love you bring
You're my everything
To see you in the morning with those
big brown eyes
You're my everything
Forever and the day
I need you close to me
You're my everything
You never have to worry never fear
For I am near

guitar interlude

You're my everything
I live upon the land and see the sky above
I'll swim within oceans sweet and warm
There's no storm my love

UNFORGETTABLE

Words and music by IRVIN GORDON (1915-1996)

29



Un-for-get-tu-ble in ev-'ry way,

And for ev-er-more that's how you'll stay. That's why, dar-ling,

it's in-cred-i-ble, That some-one so Un-for-get-tu-ble Thinks that I am

Un-for-get-tu-ble too.

1 2

Un-for-get-tu-ble too.

mf

07 C C17 D7 C17 Am7 D7 C Dm7 D7 C6

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

Words and music by **GEORGE DAVIS WEISS** (1921-2010) and **BOB THIELE** (1922-1996)

30

Slowly

Fa Lam

I see trees of green,

molto legato

Sib Lam Solm⁷ Fa La⁷ Rem

red ros-es too, I see them bloom for me and you, and I

think to my-self WHAT A WON-DER-FUL WORLD. I see

Fa Lam Sib Lam Solm⁷ Fa

skies of blue and clouds of white, the bright bles-sed day, the

(triplets continue)

A7 Dm D \flat Gm7(C bass) C7
 dark — sac-red night, — and I think — to my-self WHAT A WON-DER- FUL

F B \flat F C7
 WORLD, — The col-ors of the rain-bow, so

F C7 F
 pret-ty in the sky are al - so on the fac - es of peo - ple go - in' by, I see

Dm C(E bass) 3 Dm(F bass) C(G bass) Dm(F bass) F \sharp dim
 friends shak-in' hands, — say-in', "How do you do!" They're real-ly say-in'

Solm⁷ Fa^{#dim} Do⁷ // Fa Lam Sib Lam

"I love you," I hear ba - bies cry, I watch them grow

f 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 (triplets continue)

Solm⁷ Fa La⁷ 3 Rem 3 Reb 3

They'll learn much more than I'll ev-er know and I think to my-self

3 3 3

Solm⁷ DO Fa Lam⁷⁻⁵ Re⁷

WHAT A WON - DER - FUL WORLD. Yes, I

3 3 3

Rubato Solm⁷ Do⁷⁻⁹ Slowly Fa Sib⁶ Fa

think to my-self WHAT A WON-DER-FUL WORLD.

3 3 3 rit.

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

Words and music by George David Weiss (1921-2010)
and Bob Thiele (1922-1996)

I see trees of green,
red roses too
I see them bloom
for me and you
And I think to myself,
what a wonderful world

I see skies of blue
and clouds of white
The bright blessed day,
the dark sacred night
And I think to myself,
what a wonderful world

The colours of the rainbow,
so pretty in the sky
Are also on the faces
of people going by

I see friends shakin' hands,
sayin' How do you do?
They're really saying
I love you

I hear babies cryin',
I watch them grow
They'll learn much more
than I'll ever know
And I think to myself,
what a wonderful world

Yes, I think to myself,
what a wonderful world

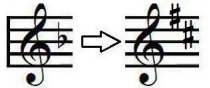
Oh yeah

MY WAY

Music by **CLAUDE A.M. FRANÇOIS (1939-1978)** and **JACQUES A.J. REVAUX (1940-vivente)**

[Dall'originale francese "Comme d'habitude" - Testo e musica di C.FRANÇOIS e J. REVAUX] English version by PAUL ANKA

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di RE magg.



31 **Slow**
F

Fa Fa

Fa 7+ Dom 6 Re 7 Sol m

Sol m 7 Do 7 Fa Fa Fa 7+

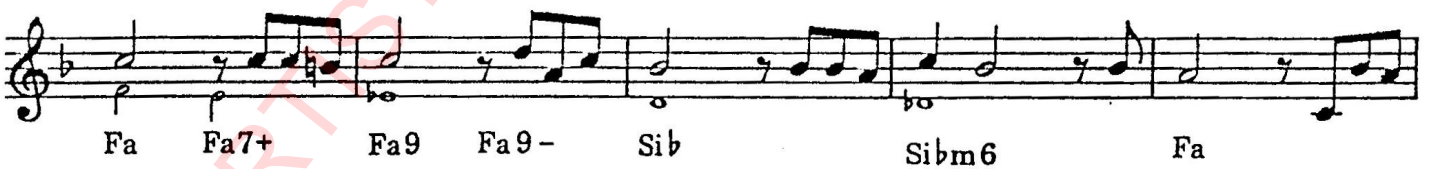
Fa 9 Fa 9- Sib Sib m 6 Fa

Do 7 Sol m 7 Fa Fa

1 *F* alla **A** 2 *F*

B

Fa Dom 7 Fa Sib



ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT ?

Testo originale e musica di Lou Handman (1894-1956) and Roy Kenneth Turk (1992-1934)

Tempo di Valzer Boston

32

mf *mp*

È fi -

ni - ta co - sì... sen - za un ve - ro per - chè, ma o - gni not - te ti.

Do Mim Lam Do

sen - to con me e mi chie - do se tu, an - che

Do#dim. Rem7 Sol7

tu co - me me re - sti sve - glia e mi pen - si con te.

Rem7 Sol7 Do

So - no lun - ghe le o - re se tu non sei qui, non ha.

Solm7 Do7 Fa Do5+ Fa

sen - so la vi - ta vis - su - ta co - sì. Se sei so - la an - che

Lam7 Re7 Sol7 Do

tu, an - che tu co - me me, vuoi che tor - ni, chè tor - ni da.

Mim Re7 Rem7 Sol7

1. te? 2. te?

Do Do

Are you lonesome tonight,
do you miss me tonight?
Are you sorry we drifted apart?
Does your memory stray
to a brighter sunny day
When I kissed you and called you sweetheart?

Do the chairs in your parlor
seem empty and bare?
Do you gaze at your doorstep
and picture me there?

Is your heart filled with pain,
shall I come back again?
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?

*I wonder if you're lonesome tonight
You know someone said that the world's a stage
And each must play a part.
Fate had me playing in love with you as my sweet heart.
Act one was when we met, I loved you at first glance
You read your line so cleverly and never missed a cue
Then came act two, you seemed to change and you acted strange
And why I'll never know.
Honey, you lied when you said you loved me
And I had no cause to doubt you.
But I'd rather go on hearing your lies
Than go on living without you.
Now the stage is bare and I'm standing there
With emptiness all around
And if you won't come back to me
Then they can bring the curtain down.*

Is your heart filled with pain,
shall I come back again?
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?

SE PIANGI, SE RIDI

Testo di Giulio Rapetti Mogol

Musica di Gianni Marchetti (1933-2012)

e Roberto Satti (1945-vivente)

33

Slow-Rock

mf

Reb Mib7 Lab Sibm7 Lab 7

Se

RITORNELLO

piangi, — a-mo-re, — io piango con te — per-chè — tu fai par - te di me: —

Lab Dom Fam Dom Reb Mib7 Lab Lab7

sor-ri - di sem-pre — se — tu non vuoi, — non — vuoi ve-der - mi sof-fri-re

Reb Re dim. Lab Fa7 Mi M7

mai. — Se ri - di, — a - mo-re, — io ri - do per-chè, — per -

Mib7 Lab Dom Fam Dom

- chè — fac-cio par - te di te. —

Ri-cor-da sem-pre: —

Reb Mib7 Lab Lab7 Reb Re dim.

quel - lo che fai — so - pra il mio vol - to lo ri - ve - drai. —

Non sa-rai so-la — an - che se tu, tu — sei lon-ta - na da me. —

O - gni mo-men-to, — do - vunque andrai ao - can-to a te mi ri - ve -

- drai. — Se pian-gi, — se ri - di, — io so - no con te — per -

- ché — so - no par - te di te. —

Ri-cor-da sem-pre: —

quel - lo che fai — so - pra il mio vol - to lo ri - ve - drai... 1. Se - drai... 2.

OVER THE RAINBOW

Testo di Harold Arlen (1905-1986)

Musica di Isidore Hochberg (1896-1981)

Moderato

34

Vibrafono

Mib7+ Fam7 Solm7 Lab7+

Mib7+ Fam7 Solm7 Lab7+

Sib4/7 Mi4/Sib Sib4 Fam7/Sib Mi4/Sib

Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow, way up high,

Ritmica tace

Mib Dom Solm Mib7 Lab7+ Lab7 Solm7 Mib Solm Mib7

there's a land that I heard of once in a lul - la - by.

Lab7+ Reb7 Mib/Sol Solm7 Solb7 Fam7 Sib Mib/Sib

Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow, skies are blue.

Tutti

Mib Solm Solb Lab dim Solm Dom Fam7 Sib7 Mib/Sol

And the dreams that you dare to dream real - ly do come true. Some -

Lab Labm Mib/Sib Solm7 Solb Fam7 Sib7 Mib



Ripresa Canto

day I'll wish u - pon a star and wake up where the clouds are far be - hind me;

Musical score for "Ripresa Canto" by Seby Corelli. The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It includes lyrics and various musical notations such as chords, dynamics, and articulation marks.

Lyrics:

day I'll wish u - pon a star and wake up where the clouds are far be - hind me;
 where trou-bles melt like le - mon drops, a - way, a - bove the chim - ney tops that's
 where you'll find me. Some - where O - ver The Rain - bow,
 blue - birds fly, birds fly O - ver The Rain - bow,
 why then, oh why can't I? **Orchestra**
Orchestra solo
 1. 2. Some
Coda
 hind me.

Chords and Notations:

- Mib, Sib7/Mib, Mib, Sib7/Mib, Dom6/La, Re, Re7, Solm, Dom, Fam7, Sib7, Mib, Solm, Dom, Mib7, Fam7, Sib7, Mib/Sol, Lab, Labm, Mib/Sib, Solm7, Dom, Fam7, Sib7, Mib, Solm, Solb dim, Lab, Solm, Solbdim, Fam7, Sib7, Mib/Sol, Do7, Lab, Labm, Mib/Sib, Solm7, Dom, Fam7, Sib7, Mib, Mib, 1. Mib, 2. Mib, Mib, Mib/Sib, Fam7/Sib, Fam/Sib, Mi7/Sib, Si9/10, Mi5b/6, Mib7+.

Dynamics and Articulation:

- ff* (fortissimo), *dim* (diminuendo), *al* (allegro), *Coda*.

LAWDY MISS CLAWDY

Words and Music by Lloyd Price (1933-vivente)

Slow Rock ♩ = 76

35

Fa Sib La Do Sib FaSib6Sidim Fa Fa6

1 Oh! now Law-dy, Law-dy, Law-dy, Miss Claw - dy, Girl! You sure look good to me
- cause I give you all my mon - ey, Girl! You just wont treat me right

Do7 Fa Fa7 Fa Fa6 Fa7 Fa6 Fa7 Sib Si6 Sib7

Well please dont ex-cite me ba - by Tho' it cant be me
You like to ball in the morn-ing dont come back un-til night

Sib Do7 Fa Fa6 Sib Solm7 C7 Fa

1 2

2. Be -

Solm Fa Solm Fa Solm Do6 Solm Do7 Fa6 Do7 Fa Solm Fa Solm Fa Do7

Fa Sib La Do Sib Fa Sib6 Sidim Fa Fa6

3. I'm gon-na tell, tell my ma-ma, Lawd, I'm gon-na tell her what you been do-ing to me
4. Well now Law-dy, Law dy, Law-dy Miss Claw-dy Girl! you sure look good to me
5. Well so bye, bye, bye, bye, ba-by Girl! I won't be trou-ble no more

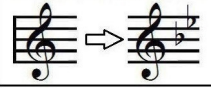
Do7 Fa Fa7 Fa Fa6 Fa7 Fa6 Fa7 Sib Si6 Sib7

I'm gon-na tell ev'-ry-bo-dy that I'm down in mis-er-ry
You just wheel-ing and rock-ing ba-by you're just as fine as you can be
Good-bye Claw-dy oh dar-ling down the road I'll go

Sib Do7 Fa Fa6 Sib Solm7 Do7 Fa

4. Well now
5. Well so

Solm Fa Solm Fa Solm Do6 Solm Do7 Fa Sib Sibmaj7 Fa

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di SI bemolle

IF I CAN DREAM

Words and Music by Walter Earl Brown (1928-2008)
SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI SI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

♩ = 68

36

There must be light — burn-ing bright-er

some-where, Got to be birds — fly-ing high-er — in the sky — more blue; If I can

dream — of a bet-ter land — where all my broth-ers walk hand in hand tell me why — oh why — oh —

why can't my dreams come true? Oh — why. There must be

Chords: C, Am, F, G11, C, Am, Dm, G9, G7, C, C7, F, E7, Am, C, Am, F, C, Am, Dm7, G9, G11, G9, G11

peace — and un-der-stand-ing some-time, Strong winds of pro-mise — that will blow a - way — the

C Am F G11 C Am

doubt — and fear, If I can dream — of a warm — er sun — where hope keeps shin-ing on ev-er-y-one, tell me

Dm7 G9 G7 C C7 F E7 Am

why — oh — why — oh — why won't that sun ap - pear?

C Am F Dm7 G7 C F C C7

We're lost in a cloud — with too much rain, — We're trapped in a world —

f F F#dim C C7 F F#dim

that's troub-led with pain, — but as long as a man has the strength to dream, he can re -

C C7 F F#dim C E7 Am

-deem his soul, — his life. — Deep in my heart — there's a trem-blin'

D7 G11 G7 C Am

mf

ques-tion. Still, I am sure — that the ans-wer's — gon-na come — some-how. Out there in the

F G11 C Am Dm7 G9

dark — there's a beck-on-ing can - dle, — and while I can think, — while I can talk, while I can

C F F#dim C Am

stand, while I can walk, while I can dream — feel-in' my dream — come

C Am F G11

cresc.

true — right now. —

Tacet * C F C

IF I CAN DREAM

Words and Music by Walter Earl Brown (1928-2008)

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI SI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

There must be lights
burning brighter somewhere
Got to be birds flying
higher in a sky more blue
If I can dream of a better land
Where all my brothers walk hand in hand
Tell me why, oh why, oh why
can't my dream come true

There must be peace
and understanding sometime
Strong winds of promise
that will blow away
All the doubt and fear
If I can dream of a warmer sun
Where hope keeps shining on everyone
Tell me why, oh why, oh why
won't that sun appear

We're lost in a cloud
With too much rain
We're trapped in a world
That's troubled with pain
But as long as a man
Has the strength to dream
He can redeem his soul and fly

Deep in my heart there's
a trembling question
Still I am sure that the answer
gonna come somehow
Out there in the dark,
there's a beckoning candle
And while I can think, while I can talk
While I can stand, while I can walk
While I can dream, please let my dream
Come true, right now
Let it come true right now
Oh yeah

(YOU'RE SO SQUARE) BABY I DON'T CARE

Words and Music by Jerome LEIBER (1933-2011) and MICHAEL STOLLER (1933-vivente)

Moderately Bright

37 *mf*

Chorus *mp*

Do Fa Do Do Fa

You don't like cra - zy mu - sic; you don't like rock - in' bands, —

Do Do Fa Do Fa Do Fa

You just wan - na go to a mov - ie show and sit there hold - in'

Do Do7 Fa7 Sol7 (*Tacet*) Do

hands. You're so square. — But, ba - by, I don't care.

Sol7 Do Fa Do Do Fa

You don't like hot rod rac - in' or 'driv - in' late at night. —

Do Do Fa Do Fa

You just wan - na park where it's nice and dark; you

Do Fa Do Do7 Fa7 Sol7 (*Tacet*)

just wan - na hold me tight. You're so square, — But, ba - by, I don't

Do Do7 Fa Fa#dim⁽⁷⁾

care. You don't know an - y dance steps that are

Do Do7 Fa Fa#dim⁽⁷⁾ Sol7

new, But no one else can love me like you do.

Do Fa Do Do Fa Do

I don't know why my heart flips; I on-ly know it does. — I

Do Fa Do Fa Do Do Do7 Fa

won-der why I love you, babe, I guess it's just be-cause you're so square, —

Sol7(Tacet) 1. Do Fa7 Sol7(Tacet) 2. Do Fa7 Do

And, ba-by, I don't care. You care. —

(YOU'RE SO SQUARE) BABY I DON'T CARE

Words and Music by Jerome LEIBER (1933-2011) and MICHAEL STOLLER (1933-vivente)

You don't like crazy music.
You don't like rockin' bands.
You just wanna go to a movie show,
And sit there holdin' hands.
You're so square.
Baby, I don't care.

You don't like hotrod racin'
Or drivin' late at night.
You just wanna park where
it's nice and dark.
You just wanna hold me tight.
You're so square.
Baby, I don't care.

You don't know any dance
steps that are new,
But no one else could love
me like you do, do, do, do.

I don't know why my heart flips.
I only know it does.
I wonder why I love you, baby.
I guess it's just because
You're so square.
Baby, I don't care.

[breve interludio strumentale]

I don't know why my heart flips.
I only know it does.
I wonder why I love you, baby.
I guess it's just because
You're so square.
Baby, I don't care.

HOUND DOG

Words and Music by JEROME LEIBER (1933-2011) and MICHAEL STOLLER (1933-vivente)

Medium Bright Rock

38

CHORUS

(tacet)

Bb

You ain't noth-in' but a Hound Dog, cry-in' all the time.

Eb7

Bb

You ain't noth-in' but a Hound Dog, cry-in' all the time.

F7

Eb7

Bb

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine.

(tacet) Bb

When they said you was high - classed, well, that was just a lie.

Eb7 Bb

When they said you was high-classed, well, that was just a lie.

F7 Eb7

Well, — you ain't nev-er caught a rab-bit and you ain't no friend of

1 Bb (tacet) 2 Bb Eb7 Bb

mine. You ain't noth-in' but a mine. —

TEDDY BEAR

Words and Music by Kalman Cohen (1917-2001) and Bernard Lowenthal (1917-1993)

Medium Bright Rock

39 *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The tempo is marked 'Medium Bright Rock' and the dynamics are 'mf'.

CHORUS

1. Ba - by let me be your lov - in' Ted - dy Bear. Put a chain a -
2. Ba - by let me be a - round you ev - 'ry night. Run your fin - gers

mf

The first line of the chorus features a vocal melody with two verses. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth notes. The dynamics are 'mf'.

- round my neck and lead me an - y - where.
through my hair and cud - dle me real tight. Oh let me be _____ your Ted - dy

mf

The second line of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The dynamics are 'mf'.

Bear. _____ I don't want to be your ti - ger 'cause ti - gers play too

The third line of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The dynamics are 'mf'.

rough. I don't want to be your li - on 'cause li - ons ain't the kind you love e -

G7 F G7 F G7

- nough. Just wan - na be your Ted - dy Bear.

C Tacet C

Put a chain a - round my neck and lead me an - y - where. Oh, let me be

F C G7

1 2
— your Ted - dy Bear. Bear.

Tacet C F7 G7 (h) C F7 C

STUCK ON YOU

Words and Music by Aaron H. Schroeder (1926-2009) and John Lesley McFarland (1926-1971)

Moderately ♩ = 136

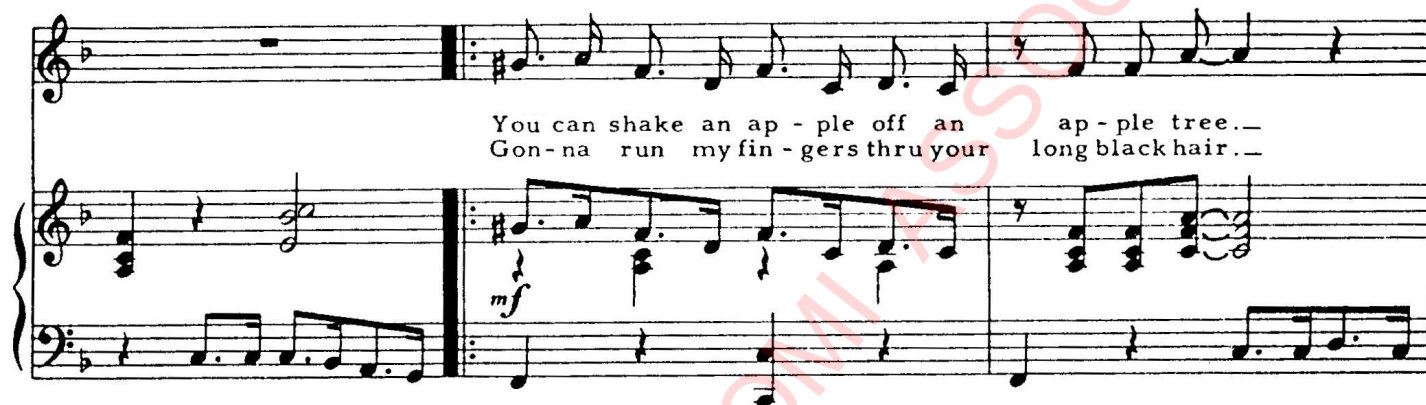
40



CHORUS

F

You can shake an ap - ple off an ap - ple tree. —
Gon - na run my fin - gers thru your long black hair. —



F

Bb7

Shake - a shake - a, sug - ar, but you'll nev - er shake me. — Uh - uh - uh. —
Squeeze - you — tight - er than a griz - zly bear. — Uh - huh - huh. —

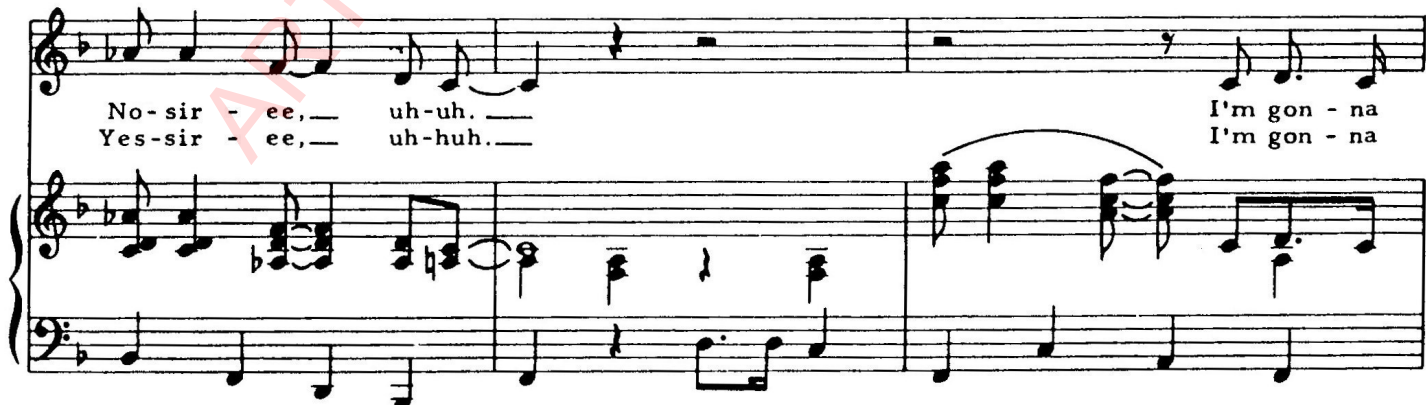


Bb7

F

No - sir - ee, — uh - uh. —
Yes - sir - ee, — uh - huh. —

I'm gon - na
I'm gon - na



C7 C7+ Bb7 F (tacet)

stick like glue,— stick like glue,— Stick be-cause I'm Stuck on
stick like glue,— Stick be-cause I'm Stuck on

1. C7 2. Bb

you. you. Hide in the kitch-en, hide in the hall.

F Bb

Ain't gon-na do you no good at all.— 'Cause once I catch ya and the

Bb C7 (tacet)

kiss-in' starts, A team o' wild hors-es could-n't tear us a-part.

F

Try to take a ti-ger from his dad-dy's side. That's_ how_ love is gon-na

F Bb7

keep us tied._ Uh-huh-huh._ Yes-sir - ee, _ uh - huh._

F C7 C7+

I'm gon-na stick like glue, _

Bb7 F (tacet) 1. C7 2. F

Yay, yay, _ be-cause I'm Stuck on you. you.

STUCK ON YOU

Words and Music by Aaron H. Schroeder (1926-2009) and John Lesley McFarland (1926-1971)

You can shake an apple off an apple tree
Shake-a, shake- sugar,
But you'll never shake me
Uh-uh-uh
No-sir-ee, uh, uh
I'm gonna stick like glue,
Stick because I'm
Stuck on you

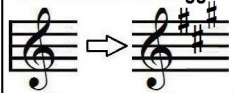
Gonna run my fingers thru your long black hair
Squeeze you tighter than a grizzly bear
Uh-uh-uh,
Yes-sir-ee, uh, uh
I'm gonna stick like glue
Stick, because I'm
Stuck on you

§ Hide in the kitchen, hide in the hall
Ain't gonna do you no good at all
'Cause once I catch ya and the kissin' starts
A team o' wild horses couldn't tear us apart

Try to take a tiger from his daddy's side
That's how love is gonna keep us tied
Uh-uh-uh
Yes-sir-ee, uh, uh
I'm gonna stick like glue
Stick, because I'm
Stuck on you Ø

[ripete da § a Ø]

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di LA magg.

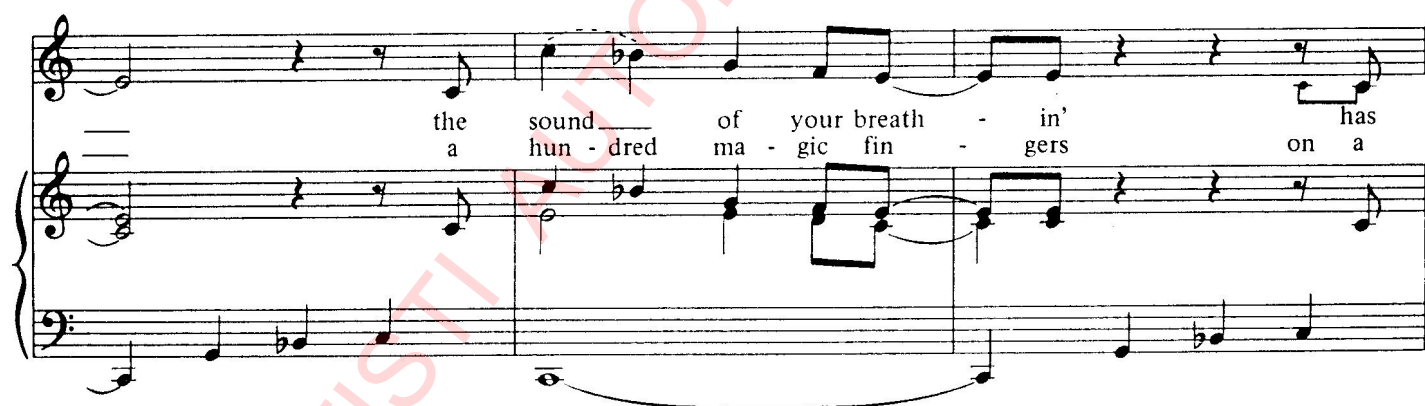
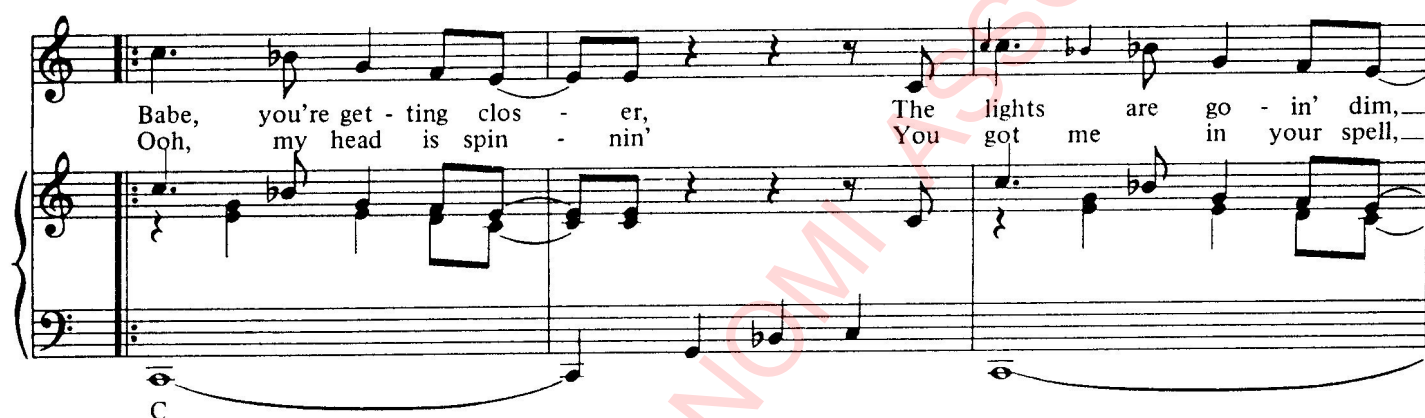


WAY DOWN

Words and Music by Layng Martine, Jr. (1942-vivente)
SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI LA MAGGIORE

Moderate Rock Tempo

41



- tance
— me, no ly - in' on the floor
doc - tor could pres - crite your

B \flat F7

send - ing me to plac - es
love is do - in' some - thing that I've nev - er been be - fore.
I just can't des - crite.

C G7

Ooh — and I can feel it, feel — it, feel —

cresc.

C Dm/C tacet — G7

Chorus

— it, feel — it, Way down where the mu - sic plays, —

G7

way down like a ti - dal wave. — Way down where the fir - es blaze, — way

C G7

down. — down, — way, way on

F C Dm/A C/G F G7

1. down, (way on down) 2. down)

C

Hold me a - gain as tight —

C

— as you can, I need you so, so ba - by let's go (way down) way down where it

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a whole note, followed by eighth notes, and then a half note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

G7

feels so good. — Way down where I hoped it would. — Way down where I

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a half note followed by a quarter note. The piano accompaniment includes a C major chord in the bass and a G7 chord in the right hand.

C

G7

nev - er could, — way down, — down, —

The third system shows the vocal line with a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a C major chord and a right hand with a Dm/A chord and a C/G chord.

F

C

Dm/A

C/G

Way, way on down, (way on down, way on down)

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a C major chord and a right hand with a Dm/A chord and a C/G chord. A 'rall.' marking is present over the final chords.

F

G7

C

THAT'S ALL RIGHT

Words and Music by Arthur William Crudup (1905-1974)

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI RE MAGGIORE

Moderately bright ♩ = 164

42

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'Moderately bright' with a quarter note equal to 164 beats per minute. The dynamic is marked 'mf'.

CHORUS

The chorus is presented with two vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of two staves. The vocal parts are as follows:

1. Well that's all right, — ma - ma, that's all right for
 2. My ma - ma, she done told me, pa - pa done told me

you. too. That's all right, — ma - ma, just — an - y way you
 Son, that gal you're fool - in' with, she ain't no good for

do. } That's all right, that's all right. — That's all
 you, but }

The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The key signature is one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 4/4. The dynamic is marked 'mf'.

right, _____ ma - ma, _____ an - y way you —

do. _____ 2. My _____

Bb7 Eb Ab7 Eb Ab7 Eb Eb

3. I'm leavin' town tomorrow, leavin' town for sure,
Then you won't be bothered with me hangin' 'round your door,
But that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right, mama, any way you do.
4. I oughta mind my papa, guess I'm not too smart.
If I was I'd leave you, go before you break my heart,
But that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right, mama, any way you do.

SUSPICION

Words and Music by Doc Pomus (alias Jerome Solon Felder, 1925-1991) and Mort Shuman (1936-1991)

Moderately

43



Verse

1. Ev - 'ry time you kiss me I'm still not cer - tain that you love me.
 2. Ev - 'ry time you call me and tell me we should meet to - mor - row,
 3. Dar - ling, if you love me, I beg you wait a lit - tle long - er.

The verse is in 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature remains one flat. The verse ends with a Dm chord.

Ev - 'ry time you hold me I'm still not cer - tain that you
 I can't help but think that you're meet - ing some - one else to -
 Wait un - til I drive all these fool - ish fears out of my

This section continues the verse melody. It includes a Dm chord and a G7sus4 chord. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

care.
 night.
 mind.

Though you keep on say - ing you
 Why should our ro - mance just a -
 How I hope and pray that our

This section concludes the verse. It includes a C chord. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady bass line.

Dm

real - ly real - ly real - ly love me,
 keep on caus - ing me such sor - row?
 love will keep - on grow - ing strong - er.

Dm

G7sus.4

C

(Tacet)

Do you speak the same words to some - one else_ when I'm not there?
 Why am I so doubt - ful when - ev - er you_ are out of sight?
 May - be I'm sus - pi - cious 'cause true love is_ so hard to find.

Sus -

Chorus

Am

pi - cion_ tor - ments my heart._ Sus - pi - cion_ keeps us a - part._ Sus -

(Tacet)

1. D7b5

G7 (Tacet)

pi - cion, why tor - ture me!

ff

2. D7b5

G7 (Tacet)

C

A7

C

me! Why tor - ture me!

ff

MY BABY LEFT ME

Words and Music by Arthur William Crudup (1905-1974)

Moderately bright ♩ = 163

44

mf

F

CHORUS

tacet

1. Yes, my ba - by
2. Now, I stand at my

left me, nev - er said a word. Was it
win - dow, wring my hands and cry. I hate to

some - thing I done, some - thing that she heard? My ba - by left me,
lose that wo - man, hate to say good - bye. You know she left me,

F Bb7

my ba - by left me. My ba - by e - ven
yes, she left me. My ba - by e - ven

Bb7 C7

left me, nev - er said a word.
left me, nev - er said a word.

C7 F

1 tacet 2

F F

3. Baby, one of these mornings, Lord, it won't be long,
You'll look for me and, Baby, and Daddy he'll be gone.
You know you left me, you know you left me.
My baby even left me, never said goodbye.
4. Now, I stand at my window, wring my hands and moan.
All I know is that the one I love is gone.
My baby left me, you know she left me.
My baby even left me, never said a word.

JOHNNY B. GOODE

Words and Music by Charles Edward Anderson "Chuck" Berry (1926-2017)

Piano With a beat

45



Refrain

F

1. Deep down in Lou-'si-an-a, close to New Or-leans, 'Way back up in the woods a-mong the
car-ry his gui-tar in a gun-ny sack, Go sit be-neath the tree by the
moth-er told him, "Some day you will be a man And you will be the lead-er of a

mp

The first line of the refrain is written in 4/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. It includes the lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a syncopated rhythm. The piano accompaniment provides a steady bass line.

F7

Bb7

ev-er-greens; There stood an old cab-in made of earth and wood, Where
rail-road track; Ol' en-gineer in the train sit-tin' in the shade,
big old band; — Man-y peo-ple com-in' from miles a-round, To

The second line of the refrain continues the melody and piano accompaniment. It features a change in harmony, indicated by the F7 and Bb7 chords. The lyrics describe the setting and the character of Johnny B. Goode.

F

C7

lived a coun-try boy — named JOHN-NY B. GOODE. Wh'd nev-er ev-er learned to read or
Strun-min' with the rhy-thm that the driv-ers made. — The peo-ple pass-in' by, — they would
hear you play your mu-sic till the sun goes down. — May-be some day your name - 'll be in

The third line of the refrain concludes the piece. It features a final chord in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The lyrics describe the character of Johnny B. Goode and his music.

write so well, But he could play a gui - tar — just like a - ring - in' a bell. } Go! Go! —
 stop and say — Oh my, but that lit - tle coun - try boy — could play. }
 lights — A - say - in' JOHN - NY B. GOODE — to — night." —

F6 F7

Go! — John - ny! Go! Go! — Go! — John - ny! Go! Go! —

Bb9 F6 C7

Go! — John - ny! Go! Go! — Go! — John - ny! Go! Go! —

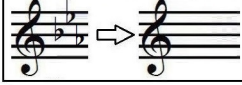
1. 2. F6 3. F6 C7+5 F Gb7 F6

JOHN - NY B. GOODE. { 2. He used to 3. — His

mp

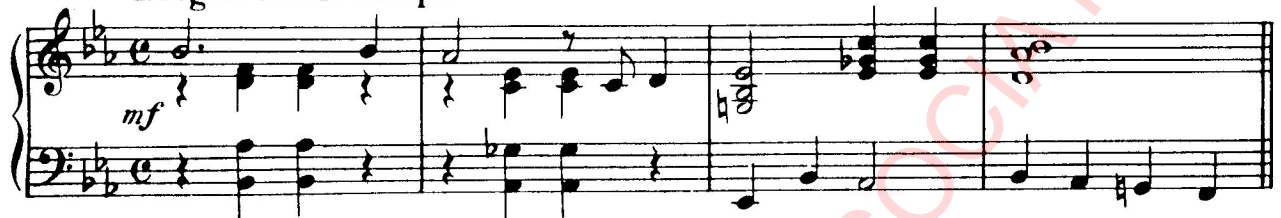
I GOT STUNG!

Words and Music by Aaron H. Schroeder and David Hill

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di DO magg.

Bright Rock Tempo

46



VERSE



CHORUS



me. It — start-ed in my eyes, crept up to my head. F - lew to my heart till
-fore. Start-ed buzz-in' in my ear, buzz-in' in my brain. Got stung all o-ver but I

Chords: Eb, Ab7, Eb

I was stung dead I'm done, uh- huh, I Got Stung! Mm,

Chords: Eb, Bb7, Ab7, Eb

2

Now don't think I'm com - plain - in' I'm might - y pleased we

Chords: Eb7, Ab, Eb, Bb7

met'cause you gimme just one lit-tle peck on the back of my neck and I break out in a

Chords: Eb, Ab, Bb7

Tacet

cold cold sweat. If I live to a hun-dred and two, I won't let

Bb7 Eb

no - bod-y sting me but you. I'll be buzz-zin'round your hive ev - 'ry

Eb Ab

-day at five, and I'm nev-er gon-na leave once I ar-rive'cause I'm done, uh -

Ab7 Eb Tacet Bb7 Tacet

1 2

- huh, I Got Stung! Mm, — Stung!

A7 Tacet Eb Ab7 Bb7 Tacet Eb Ab7 Eb

I GOT STUNG!

Words and Music by Aaron H. Schroeder and David Hill

Holy smoke
A land sakes alive!
I never thought this could happen to me

Mm, yeah! Mm, yeah!

I got stung by a sweet honey bee
Oh, what a feeling come over me
It started in my eyes
Crept up to my head
Flew to my heart
Till I was stung dead
I'm done, uh-uh
I got stung!

Mm, yeah! Mm, yeah!

She had all that I wanted and more
And I've seen honey bees before
Started buzzin' in my ear
Buzzin' in my brain
Got stung all over
But I feel no pain
I'm done, uh-uh
I got stung!

Now, don't think I'm complainin'
I'm might pleased we met
'Cause yo u gimme just one little peck
On the back of my neck
And I break out in a cold cold sweat
If I live to a hundred and two
I won't let nobody sting me but you
I'll be buzzin' 'round your hive
Ev'ry day at five
And I'm never gonna leave once I arrive
'Cause I'm done
Uh-uh, I got stung!

[quest'ultima strofa si ripete due volte]

A MESS OF BLUES

Words and Music by Doc Pomus (alias Jerome Solon Felder, 1925-1991) and Mort Shuman (1936-1991)

Moderate Blues ♩ = 100

CHORUS

C

I just — got your let - ter, ba - by; a - too —
slept a wink since Sun - day; I can't —

C

F7

bad you can't come home. — I - I - I swear I'm go - in'
eat a thing all day. — Ev - 'ry day is just blue

F7

cra - zy, sit - tin' here all a - lone. — Since you're
Mon - day since you've been a - way. — Since you're

G7 F7 C

gone — I got a mess of blues. —
gone — I got a mess of blues. —

1. G7 2. C7 F7

I ain't — Whoops, there goes a tear - drop,

C B7 C7 F7

roll - in down my face. If you cry when

F7 G7 (tacet)

ou're in love, — it sure ain't no dis-grace. — I got - ta

C

get my - self to - geth-er be - fore I lose my

C F7

mind. I'm gon - na catch the next train go-in' and —

F7 G7

leave my blues be-hind. — Since you're gone — I

F7 C 1. Ab7 G7 2. C F7 C

got a mess of blues. — I just. —

A MESS OF BLUES

Words and Music by Doc Pomus (alias Jerome Solon Felder, 1925-1991) and Mort Shuman (1936-1991)

I just got your letter baby
Too bad you can't come home
I swear I'm goin' crazy
Sittin' here all alone
Since you're gone
I got a mess of blues

I ain't slept a wink since Sunday
I can't eat a thing all day
Every day is just blue Monday
Since you've been away
Since you're gone
I got a mess of blues

Whoops there goes a teardrop
Rollin' down my face
If you cry when you're in love
It sure ain't no disgrace

I gotta get myself together
Before I lose my mind
I'm gonna catch the next train goin'
And leave my blues behind
Since you're gone
I got a mess of blues

Whoops there goes a teardrop
Rollin' down my face
If you cry when you're in love
It sure ain't no disgrace

I gotta get myself together
Before I lose my mind
I'm gonna catch the next train goin'
And leave my blues behind
Since you're gone
I got a mess of blues

Since you're gone I got a mess of blues
Since you're gone I got a mess of blues

IT'S NOW OR NEVER

Words and music by Edoardo Di Capua (1865-1917) and Emanuele Alfredo Mazzucchi (1878-1972);

words by Aaron H. Schroeder (1926-2009) and Wally Gold (1928-1998)

[Versione inglese dell'originale "O Sole Mio", testo italiano di Giovanni Capurro (1859-1920)]

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI RE BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di RE♭ magg.



48 Moderately ♩ = 119

mf

CHORUS

(tacet) Eb Fdim7 Fm Fm7 Bb7

It's now or nev-er; _____ come hold me tight. Kiss me, my

mf

Fm Fm7 Bb7 Eb Abm

dar-lin'; _____ be mine to - night, _____ To - mor-row _____

Abm Eb F#dim7 Bm7 1.2.

_____ will be too late. _____ It's now or nev-er; _____ my love won't

E_b To Interlude **3. B_b7** **E_b** *Fine*

wait. ——— 1. When I first — my love won't wait. ——— (opt. octave lower.....)
Just like a

INTERLUDE

E_b **E_b+** **A_b** **B_b7**

saw you, ——— with your smile so ten-der, My heart was cap-tured; ———
wil - low ——— we would cry an o-cean, If we lost true love. ———

A_b **E_bm** **E_b** (tacet) **E_b** **E_b+**

— my soul sur - ren - dered, I've spent a life - time ——— wait - ing for the
— and sweet de - vo - tion, Your lips ex - cite me; ——— let your arms in -

A_b **A_bm** **E_b** **Fdim7** **Fm7** **B_b7** **E_b** **A_bm** **E_b** *(Return to Chorus)*

right time. ——— Now that you're near the time is here at last. ———
- vite me For who knows when we'll meet a - gain this way. ———

(Return To Chorus)

DON'T BE CRUEL

Words and Music by Otis Blackwell (1931-2002) and Elvis Aaron Presley (1935-1977)

Medium bright (with good beat) ♩ = 148

49



You know I can be found sit-ting home all a - lone If you can't come a -
Ba-by, if I made you mad for something I might have said — Please let's for-get the

mf-f

C C7 F

- round, At least, please tel - e - phone. Don't Be Cruel ——— to a heart that's true. ———
past The future looks bright a - head. Don't Be Cruel ——— to a heart that's -

mf-f

C Dm7 G7 C

true. ——— I don't want no oth-er love, Ba-by, it's just you I'm thinking of. ———

mf-f

C F G7 F G7 C

Don't stop thinking of me, Don't make me feel this way, Come on o-ver here and love me, You
walk up to the preacher, and let us say "I do!" Then you'll know you have me, And I'll

C C7 F

know what I want you to say. Don't Be Cruel _____ to a heart that's true. _____ Why
know I'll have you too. Don't Be Cruel _____ to a heart that's true. _____ I don't

C Dm7 G7 C 1

should we be a - part? I real - ly love you, ba - by, cross my heart. _____ Let's
want no oth - er love, Ba - by, it's just you I'm thinking

F G7 F G7 C

of. _____ Don't Be Cruel _____ to a heart that's true. _____ Don't Be Cruel _____ to a heart that's

C Dm7 G7 C Dm7 G7

true. _____ I don't want no oth - er love Ba - by, it's just you I'm thinking of. _____

C C7 F G7 F G7 C

BADA, BAMBINA

Testo di Franco Migliacci (1930-vivente)

Musica di Gianni Meccia (1931-vivente)
e Bruno Zambrini (1935-vivente)*Liberamente*

50

Vi-vi — nascosta nel tuo mondo, — ec-co, tu perdi un al-tro giorno! —



- lo - ra chi lo sa — se vor-rò i - o. — 1. 2. Tic -

-tac il tem-po va — e tu ti sve-glie - ra - i Tic -
 -toc e bus-se - rai — a que - sto cuo - re — mi - o e al -

-tac un gior-no t'in - na - mo-re - ra - i; — Toc -
 -lo - ra chi lo sa — se vor-rò i - o. — Tic -

Fam Sib7 Mib Sib7 Sib7

Mib Solm Dom

Fa Sib7 Mib Sib7 (3) (3) (3) (3)

ripetere ad lib.

Bada, bambina!
 Bada, bambina!
 Già signorina sei.
 Per ogni donna
 ci vuole un uomo accanto.

Tutta la notte
 batto la testa
 per non pensare a te,
 a te che vivi
 nel mondo dei tuoi sogni.

Bada, bambina!
 Bada, bambina!
 Già signorina sei,
 Per ogni donna
 ci vuole un uomo accanto.

Se gli occhi di un gatto
 vedon di notte,
 io leggo nel tuo cuor:
 tu con l'amore
 ci stai giocando troppo.

Tic - tac
 il tempo va
 e tu ti sveglierai
 tic- tac
 un giorno t'innamorerai;

Tic - tac
 e busserai
 a questo cuore mio
 e allora chi lo sa
 se vorrò io.

Tic - tac
ecc. ecc. (ripete ad libitum)

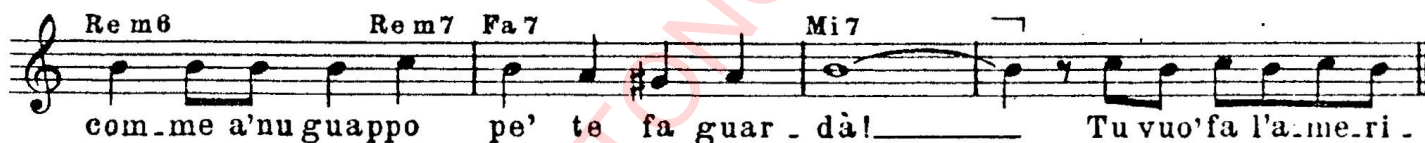
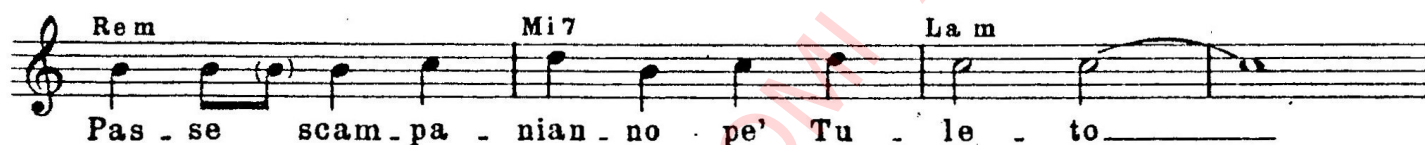
TU VUO' FA L'AMERICANO

Testo di NICOLA SALERNO (1910-1969) Musica di RENATO CAROSONE (1920-2001)

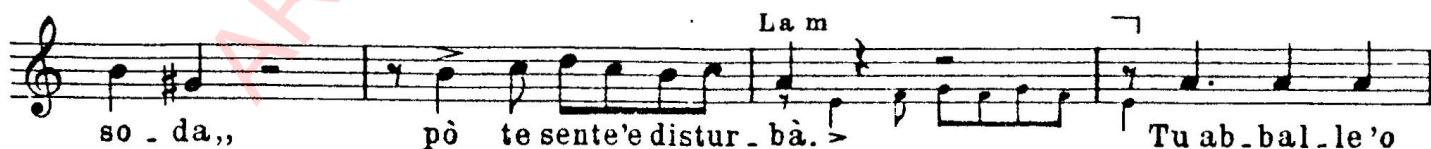
Moderato con vita



STROFA



RITORNELLO



pe' Camel chi te li dà? La borsetta di mammà! Tu vuo' fa l'ameri-
 -ca - no "mme-ri - ca - no! mme-ri - ca - no!,, ma si nato in I.ta -
 -ly! Sien - te a mme non ce stà nien - te a ffa O - kay, na - po - li -
 -tan! Tu vuo' fa l'ameri - can! Tu vuo' fa l'ameri - can! Tu vuo' fa l'ameri - can!

I. STROFA

Puorte'o cazone cu' 'nu stemma arreto,
 'na cuppulella cu'a visiera aizata.
 Passe scampanianno pe' Tuleto
 comme a' nu guappo pe' te fa guardà!

Ritornello

Tu vuo' fa l'americanol
 "mmericanol mmericanol!,,
 Siente a me, chi t'ho fa fa?
 Tu vuoi vivere alla moda
 ma si bive "Whisky and soda,,
 pò te sente 'e disturbà.
 Tu abballe'o "Rocco Roll,,
 tu giochi al "basebal,,
 ma 'e solde pe' Camel
 chi te li dà?...
 La borsetta di mammà!
 Tu vuo' fa l'americano
 "mmericanol mmericanol!,,
 ma si nato in Italy!
 Siente a mme non ce stà niente a ffa
 Okay, napolitan!
 Tu vuo' fa l'american!
 Tu vuo' fa l'american!

II. STROFA

Comme te po' capì chi te vò bene
 si tu le parle 'mmiezzo americano?
 Quanno se fa l'ammore sotto 'a luna
 comme te vene 'capa e di: "I love you!?,

Ritornello

Tu vuo' fa l'americanol *ecc. ecc.*

BA... BA... BACIAMI, PICCINA

Testo di Riccardo Morbelli

Musica di Luigi Astore

Moderato**52**

Rem La7 Rem La7 Rem Re7 Rem7 Sol7 Do Sol7

Do Lam Rem7 Sol7 Do Do7 Fa Rem La7

Rem La7 Rem La7 Rem7 Re7 Re7 Sol7

Do Lam Rem7 Sol7 Do Do7 Fa Rem La7

Rem La7 Rem La7 Rem7 Re7 Re7 Sol7 Do

Do7 Fa Re7

Sol7 Do Lam

Rem7 Sol7 Do Do7 Fa Rem La7 Rem La7 Rem La7

Rem7 Re7 Re7 Sol7

1. 2.

Do

[Introduzione strumentale]

Spesso bastano poche sillabe
per esprimersi quello che dice
il cuor, cuor, cuor, quando vedo te;
e nell'èstasi di una musica
io ti mormoro tiepido «senti il
cuor, cuor, cuor» quello che ti dice
tremante le mie labbra allor
parlano d'amor

Ba..ba..baciarmi piccina
con la bo..bo..bocca piccolina,
dammi tan..tan..tanti baci in quantità.
Tara tatà tatà tarà tatà

Tu tu tu sei biricchina
ma sei ta ta tanto deliziosa
ciò che tin tin t'interessava che cos'è
teré teté teté teté teté

E bi a ba e bi o bu
e sillaba con me
bi e be e bi o bu
dimmi tu cosa sono queste sillabe d'amore ?

Ba..ba..baciarmi piccina
con la bo..bo..bocca piccolina,
dammi tan..tan..tanti baci in quantità.
Tara tatà tatà tarà tatà

[interludio strumentale]

E bi a ba e bi o bu
e sillaba con me
bi e be e bi o bu
telelì telelì tulì tulililela

Ba..ba..baciarmi piccina
con la bo..bo..bocca piccolina,
dammi tan..tan..tanti baci in quantità.
Tara tatà tatà tarà tatà

LA LUNA AMMENZU O MARI

Testo elaborato da VITTORIO ALBERTI

Musica elaborata da IGNAZIO PRIVITERA

Tempo di Tarantella

53

O mam - mà, — mi vo - gghiu ma - ri - tà! O mam -

-mà, — mi vo - gghiu ma - ri - tà! C'è la

lu - na ammen-zu o ma - ri, mamma mia m'ha ma - ri - ta - ri. —

Fi - gghia mia a cu' t'à da - ri? Mam - ma mia, pen - zi - ci tu.

Si ti ru - gna a lu var - ve - ri id - du va, id - du

ve - ni, lu ra - so - lua ma - nu te - ni.

Si ci pi - gghia la fan - ta - si - a ti fa la var - va, fi - gghiu - za

1.2.3. mi - a. 4. mi - a.

La La

Incise su disco "Sorriso" n. 7009-7016 NP - 10007 EP - 20005 LP

LA LUNA AMMENZU O MARI

Testo elaborato da VITTORIO ALBERTI

Musica elaborata da IGNAZIO PRIVITERA

Coro: Oh mammà, mi vogghiù marita,
oh mammà, mi vogghiu marita!

1. C'è la luna ammenzu 'o mari,
mmamma mia m'ha maritari.
Figghia mia a cu' t'a dari?
Mamma mia, pensici tu.

*Si ti rugnu 'a lu varveri
iddu va, iddu veni
lu rasolu a manu teni:
Si ci pigghia la fantasia
ti rasulia, figghiuzza mia.*

2. C'è la luna 'mmenzu 'o mari
mmamma mia m'ha maritari.
Figghia mia a cu' t'à dari?
Mamma mia pensici tu.

*Si ti rugnu a lu scarparu,
iddu va, iddu veni
e la scarpa a manu teni;
Si ci pigghia la fantasia
ti scarpunia, figghiuzza mia.*

3. C'è la luna 'mmenzu 'o mari
mmamma mia m'ha 'maritari.
Figghia mia a cu' t'à dari?
Mamma mia pensici tu.

*Si ti rugnu a lu chiancheri,
iddu va, iddu veni
lu cuteddu a manu teni;
si ci pigghia la fantasia
ti sasizzia figghiuzza mia.*

4. C'è la luna 'mmenzu 'o mari
mmamma mia m'ha 'maritari.
Figghia mia a cu' t'à dari?
Mamma mia pensici tu.

*Si ti rugnu a 'n picciutteddu,
riccu è, beddu assai
e ti voli tantu beni;
notti e gghiornu ca voli a ttia
ppi vasariti figghia mia...!*

CIURI CIURI

Testo elaborato da VITTORIO ALBERTI

Musica elaborata da IGNAZIO PRIVITERA

Allegro

54

Coro: *La la lu lu la la la la lu la la lu la la la la*

Si7 Mim Si7 Mim Lam Mim Si7

la. Ciu - ri, ciu-ri ciu - ri di tut-tu l'an-nu l'a-mu - ri ca, mi

Mim Mim Si7

da-sti ti lu tor-nu. Ciu - ri, ciu-ri ciu - ri di tut-tu l'an-nu l'a-mu - ri ca, mi

Mim Si7

da-sti ti lu tor-nu. — Coro: *La la la la la la la la la la.* — Lu

Mim Si7 Mi

sa-ba-tu si sa-pi è al-le-gra co-o-o-o - ri — bi - a-tu cu à-vi bed-da la mug -

Mi Si7

-ghe-ri. — Cu l'à-vi bed-da ci por-ta li di - na-a-a-a - ri — cu

Mi Si7

l'à-vi brutta ci mo - ri lu co-ri. — 1. 2. nni po' i - ri. —

Mi Si7 Mi Mi Mi

CIURI CIURI

Testo elaborato da VITTORIO ALBERTI

Musica elaborata da IGNAZIO PRIVITERA

TESTO SICILIANO

I.

Ciuri, ciuri
 ciuri di tuttu l'annu
 l'amuri ca, mi dasti ti lu tornu...
 Ciuri, ciuri
 ciuri di tuttu l'annu
 l'amuri ca, mi dasti ti lu tornu...
 La La La La La, La La La La La...

Lu sabatu si sapi è allegra cori
 biatu cu àvi bedda la mughheri.
 Cu l'avi bedda ci porta li dinari
 cu l'avi brutta ci mori lu cori.

II.

Ciuri, ciuri ecc. ecc.

Si troppu dispittusu tu ccu mia
 cascu du lettu su mi 'nsonnu a tia,
 si bruttu 'nta la facci e 'nta lu cori
 cu tia ju' non mi vogghiu maritari.

III.

Ciuri, ciuri ecc. ecc.

Ciuri di rosi russi a lu sbucciari
 amara a cui li tò paroli criri.
 L'omini siti tutti munsignari
 jù non ti vogghiu no! Ti nni po' iri.

CIURI... CIURI...

TESTO FRANCESE

I.

Oh, les jolies fleurs du jasmin!
 Il ne faut pas du tout croire aux femmes:
 vous deviendrez leur esclave entier
 et après vous tomberez bas dans l'enfer!

Refrain:

Fleurs de Sicile, qui fleurissez toujours,
 je m'en vais loin, et laisse ton amour!

II.

Oh, les jolies fleurs de la rose!
 C'est beau de ne pas même te penser;
 je chante ma chanson de liberté
 au temps de la neige, et dans l'été.

Refrain:

Fleurs de Sicile, etc.

III.

Oh, les jolies fleurs de l'oeillet!
 Je ne veux pas te voir dans toute ma vie:
 et si peut-être je te rêve la nuit,
 pour la terreur, je tomberai du lit!

Refrain:

Fleurs de Sicile, etc.

IV.

Oh, les jolies fleurs de la viole!
 Tu n'es pas belle, et je ne t'aime pas,
 et je regrette le pauvre homme, hélas,
 le malheureux qui t'épousera.

Refrain:

Fleurs de Sicile, etc.

TESTO INGLESE

I.

Flowers, flowers, all blooming in the springtime
 So nice to see, and nourished by the rain.
 My heart's singing; it's springtime and it's raining,
 And so it means I'll see you once again.

(La la la la la la la la la la)

We met one day in spring
 Taking shelter from the sudden rain.
 Your hair was soaking wet, just like the flowers.
 I held you close and kissed ev'ry rain drop on your
 [pretty face.
 And that's the way it went for hours.

II.

Flowers, flowers, all blooming in the springtime,
 So nice to see, and nourished by the rain.
 My heart's singing; it's springtime and it's raining,
 And so it means I'll see you once again.

(La la la la la la la la la la)

We promised to return to the place that opened
 [up our hearts,
 To taste again the joy of those sweet hours.
 The flowers brought me love such as I had never
 [known before,
 And that is why I love the flowers.

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ARRIVEDERCI ROMA

Testo di Alessandro Giovannini (1915-1977) e
Pietro Garinei (1919-2006)

Musica di Renato Ranucci
(1912-1991)

Beguine**Strumenti in DO**

55

STROFA vi - dio, tu - ri - sta che ar - ri - vi, t'im - be - vi de Fo - ri e de sca - vi, poi
tut - to d'un col - po te tro - vi Fon - ta - na de Tre - vi ch'è tut - ta per
te. Ce sta 'na leg - gen - da ro - ma - na le - ga - ta a 'sta vec - chia fon -
ta na, per cui se ce but - ti un sol - di - no co - strin - gi er de -
sti - no a fat - te tor - nà. E men - tre er sol - do ba - cia er fon - ta -
no - ne, la tua can - zo - ne in fon - do è que - sta quà: Ar -

Chords: Sol, Re7 La, Sol Si, Lam9, Re7, Tin, Solm9, Solm, Re5+ La, Solm9 Sib, Solm, Re7, Solm, Dom6, Solm, Dom, Re, Mib9, Re, Re7, Solm, Dom7, Fa7, Sib Re, DOm, Re79b, Solm, Dom, Re9b, Solm Sib, Dom6 La, Re7, Re9b, Solm, Dom, Re7, Solm, Solm7, La7, Re7.

ri - ve - der - ci, Ro ma Good

Sol Dom6 Re7 Sol

bye... au re - vo - ir Si ri - tro - va a

Si7 Do Mi7 Si Lam

pran - zo a Squar - cia - rel - li, fet - tuc - ci - ne e vi - no dei Ca -

Re Lam7 Re Re Lam7

stel - li, co - me ai tem - pi bel - li che Pi - nel - li im - mor - ta -

Re Re Lam7 Re

lò. Ar - ri - ve - der - ci,

Sol Si Sibdim Lam7 Re7 Sol Dom6 Re7

Ro ma Good bye au re - vo -

Sol Si7

ir Si ri - ve - de a spas - so in car - roz - zel - la e ri - pen - sa a

Do Mi7 Si Lam Re Lam7 Re

quel - la "ciu - ma - chel - la" ch'e - ra tan - to bel - la e che gli ha det - to sem - pre

Re Lam7 Re Re Lam7 Re Lam7 Re7/9b

1. "no"! Sta

Sol Re7 La Sol Si Lam9 Re Re7

2.
you"!

Orchestra

Sol Dom6 Re7 Sol

Men - tre l'in - gle -

3 Si7 Do 3 Mi7 3 Lam

si - na s'al - lon - ta - na, un ra - gaz - zi - net - to s'av - vi -

Re Lam7 Re Re Lam7

ci - na, va nel - la fon - ta - na, pe - sca il sol - do e se ne

Re Re Lam7 Re Lam7 Re7/9b

va. _____ *Coro:* Ar - ri - ve

Sol Sol

der - ci Ro - ma good

Dom6 Sol5/9

bye, au - re - voir. _____

Dom6 Sol5/9

ARRIVEDERCI ROMA

Testo di Alessandro Giovannini (1915-1977) / Pietro Garinei (1919-2006)

Musica di Renato Ranucci (1912-1991)

T'invidio turista che arrivi,
t'imbevi de fori e de scavi,
poi tutto d'un tratto te trovi
fontana de Trevi ch'e tutta pe' te!

Ce sta 'na leggenda romana
legata a 'sta vecchia fontana
per cui se ce butti un soldino
costringi er destino a fatte tornà.

E mentre er soldo bacia er fontanone
la tua canzone in fondo è questa qua!

Arrivederci, Roma...
Good bye...au revoir...
Si ritrova a pranzo a Squarciarelli
fettuccine e vino dei Castelli
come ai tempi belli che Pinelli immortalò!

Arrivederci, Roma...
Good bye...au revoir...
Si rivede a spasso in carrozzella
e ripenza a quella "ciumachella"
ch'era tanto bella e che gli ha detto sempre «no!».

Stasera la vecchia fontana
racconta alla solita Luna
la storia vicina e lontana
di quella inglesina che un giorno partì.

Io qui, proprio qui l'ho incontrata...
E qui...proprio qui l'ho baciata...
Lei qui con la voce smarrita
m'ha detto: «È finita, ritorno laggiù!».

Ma prima di partire l'inglesina
buttò la monetina e sospirò:

Arrivederci, Roma...
Good bye...au revoir...
Voglio ritornare in via Margutta
voglio rivedere la soffitta
dove m'hai tenuta stretta stretta accanto a te!

Arrivederci, Roma...
Non so scordarti più...
Porto in Inghilterra i tuoi tramonti
porto a Londra Trinità dei monti,
porto nel mio cuore i giuramenti e gli "I love you!"

Mentre l'inglesina s'allontana
un ragazzinetto s'avvicina
va nella fontana pesca un soldo se ne va!

ROMA NUN FA' LA STUPIDA STASERA

Testo di Alessandro Giovannini (1915-1977)
e Pietro Garinei (1919-2006)

Musica di Armando Trovaioli
(1917-2013)

PIANO - ORGANO

56

Moderato

Mib Mib5+ Mib6 Mib5+ Mib Mib5+ Mib6 Mib5+

Org. d

Ritornello

Ro-ma, nun fa la stu-pi-da sta-se-ra dam-me'na ma-no a

Mib Mib5+ Mib Solm7 Mib

Chit.

fa-je di' de si.

Sce-ji tut-te le stel-le

Fa#dim. Fam7 Solm7 Do7 Fam7 Sib7

più bril-la-rel-le che po-i e un frie-ci-co de lu-na tut-ta-pe'

Fam7 Sib7 Fam7 Sib7

PIANO - ORGANO

noi _____ fa - je sen - ti ch'è qua - si pri - ma -

Mib Mib5+ Fam7 Sib7 Mib Mib5+

- ve - ra _____ man - na li me - jo gril - li pe' fa cri

Mib6 Mib5+ Sibm7 Mib7

cri. _____ Pre - sta - me er po - nen - ti - no

Lab7+ Lab6 Solm7 Do7 Fam7 Fam6

più ma - lan - dri - no che cia - i. Ro - ma nun fa la stu - pi - da sta -

Sol7 Dom (m7+) (m7) Fa7 Fa7/5+ Sib7

1. - se - ra. _____ 2. - se - ra. _____

Mib (5+) Fam7 Sib9- Mib (5+) Mib6 (5+) Mib

NON È UN CAPRICCIO D'AGOSTO

Testo di DINO SARTI (1936-2007) e
GIOVANNI GIONCHETTA

Musica di BRUNO PALLINI
(1941-2009)

Moderatamente

Solo Piano

57 *mp* *8*..... *Tutti*

(Coro) *Si* *ri-ma-nia-mo vi-ci-ni co-si* *fi-no al-l'al-ba*

Fa *Fam* *Do* *Lam*

si ri-ma-nia-mo vi-ci-ni co-si. *8*..... *Tutti* *C'in-*

Fa *Fam* *Do* *Rem7* *Do6*

-con-tre-remo an-co-ra io e te su quella spiaggia vuo-ta a-bi-ta-ta dal-la
come ho fatto a stare là con te in tut-to quel si-len-zio sen-za dar-tine anche un

Do *Do6* *Do7+* *Do* *Rem7 (Sol)*

lu-na e do-ve noi, non ci sia-mo mai sfio-ra-ti.
ba-cio e chi lo sa: è da al-lo-ra che ci pen-so.

Do7+ *Rem7 (Sol)* *Do7+*

1. *Ma* 2. *C'in-con-tre-remo ancora a-mo-re mi-o là do-ve di-co io*

Rem7 (Sol) *Do7+* *Fa* *Rem7* *Sol9* *Mim*

im-ma-gi-na che sce-na: noi due con quel-la lu-na! C'in-

La9 *Rem7* *Sol7 Sol7 (5m)* *Do7+*

-con-tre-re-mo an-cora... a-mo-re mi-o e quan-t'è ve-ro l'è-di-o... se chia-de gli occhi il

ma-re... ti ru-be-rò l'a-mo-re... Si ri-ma-nia-mo vi-ci-ni co-sì fi-no al-

-l'al-ba e ti di-mo-stro che que-sto non è un ca-pric-cio d'a-go-sto.

Coda

Orch. dal $\frac{3}{4}$ al $\frac{4}{4}$ poi Coda

C'in-con-tre-re-mo an-co-ra io e

te su quel-la spiag-gia vuo-ta. (Orch.)

ripetere ad lib.

Chords: Fa, La9, Mim, Fam, Do, Rem7, Sol9, Mim7, Mib7, Lam, Fa, Fam, Do, Rem7, Sol7, Do, Fa, Sol, Rem7 Sol7, Do, Do6, Do7+, Do, Rem7(Sol), Rem7, Do7+, Rem7(Sol)

Si, rimaniamo vicini così
fino all'alba
si, rimaniamo vicini così.

Ci incontreremo ancora io e te
su quella spiaggia vuota
abitata dalla luna
e dove noi
non ci siamo mai sfiorati.

Ma come ho fatto a stare là con te
in tutto quel silenzio
senza darti neanche un bacio
e chi lo sa: è da allora che ci penso.

Ci incontreremo ancora amore mio
ma dove dico io
immagina che scena
noi due con quella luna
Ci incontreremo ancora amore mio
e quanto è vero iddio
se chiude gli occhi il mare
ti ruberò l'amore.

si rimaniamo vicini così'
fino all'alba
e ti dimostro che
questo non è
un capriccio d'agosto.

[interludio strumentale]

Ci incontreremo ancora amore mio
là dove dico io
tu immagina che scena
noi due con quella luna.

Ci incontreremo ancora amore mio
e quanto è vero iddio
se chiude gli occhi il mare
ti ruberò l'amore.

Ci incontreremo ancora io e te
su quella spiaggia vuota ...

LEITesto di **GIORGIO CALABRESE** (1929-2016)Musica di **CHARLES AZNAVOUR** (1924-2018)*Eseguita da Charles Aznavour in tonalità
di Re bemolle Maggiore***STRUMENTI IN DO****58** Lento

Do Fa Sol⁴ Sol⁷

Lei, — for - se sa - rà la pri - ma che — io non po - trò di - men - ti -

Do Mibdim.

- car, — la mia for - tu - na o il prez - zo che do - vrò pa - ga - re.

Fa Do La⁷

Lei, — è la can - zo - ne na - ta qui — che ha già can - ta - to chis - sà

Rem Fam

chi. — L'a - ria d'esta - te che o - ra c'è — nel primo autunno su di me.

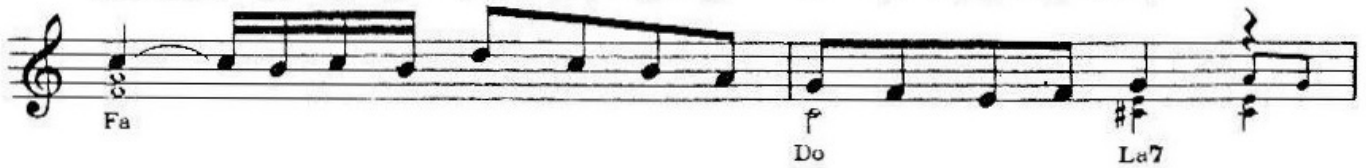
Do Fa Sol Do Fa Sol⁴ Sol⁷

Lei, — la schia - vi - tù, la li - ber - tà, — il dub - bio o la se - re - ni -

Lei, — a cui io non ri - nun - ce - rei — so - prav - vi - ven - do ac - can - to a

Do Mibdim.

-tà, — pre-lu-dio a gior - ni lu - mi - no - si op - pu - re bui.
lei — ad an - ni com - bat - tu - ti e av - ver - si - tà.



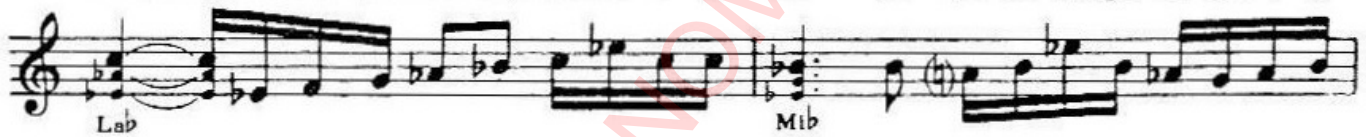
Lei — sa - rà lo spec - chio do - ve io — ri - flet - te - rò pro - get - tie i -
Lei — sor - ri - si e la - cri - me da cui — pren - do - no for - mai so - gni



-dee, — il fi - ne ul - ti - mo che a - vrò da o - ra in poi.
miei, — o - vun - que va - dà ar - ri - ve -



Lei, — co - sì im - por - tan - te, co - sì u - ni - ca do - po la lun - ga so - li - tu - di -



-ne, — in - tran - si - gen - te e im - pre - ve - di - bi - le.



Lei, — for - se l'a - mo - re trop - po at - te - so che — dal - l'ombra del pas - sa - to tor - na a



me — per star - mi ac - ban - to fi - no a che vi - vrò. —



-rei — a passo a passo accanto a lei... — Lei... mm lei...



SHE

Testo di **HERBERT KRETZMER** (1925-vivente)

Musica di **CHARLES AZNAVOUR** (1924-2018)

She

May be the face I can't forget
A trace of pleasure or regret
May be my treasure or the price I have to pay
She may be the song that summer sings
May be the chill that autumn brings
May be a hundred tearful things
Within the measure of the day.

She

May be the beauty or the beast
May be the famine or the feast
May turn each day into heaven or a hell
She may be the mirror of my dreams
A smile reflected in a stream
She may not be what she may seem
Inside a shell.

She who always seems so happy in a crowd
Whose eyes can be so private and so proud
No one's allowed to see them when they cry
She may be the love that can and hope to last
May come to me from shadows of the past
That I remember till the day I die.

She

May be the reason I survive
The why and where for I'm alive
The one I'll care for through the rough
and rainy years
Me I'll take her laughter and her tears
And make them all my souvenirs
For where she goes I got to be
The meaning of my life is

She, she, mmh she

LEI

Testo di **GIORGIO CALABRESE** (1929-2016)

Musica di **CHARLES AZNAVOUR** (1924-2018)

Lei, forse sara' la prima che,
Io non potro' dimenticar,
La mia fortuna o il prezzo che,
dovro' pagare,

Lei, la canzone nata qui,
Che ha gia' cantato chissà chi.
L'aria d'estate che ora c'è
Nel primo autunno su di me.

Lei, la schiavitù, la libertà,
Il dubbio o la serenità,
Preludio a giorni luminosi
oppure bui.

Lei, sarà lo specchio dove io,
Rifletterò progetti e idee
Il fine ultimo che avrò,
da ora in poi.

Lei, così importante così unica,
Dopo la lunga solitudine,
Intransigente e imprevedibile.

Lei, forse l'amore troppo atteso che,
Dall'ombra del passato torna a me,
Per starmi accanto fino a che vivrò.

Lei, a cui io non rinuncerei,
Sopravvivendo accanto a lei,
Ad anni, combattuti ed avversità

Lei, sorrisi e lacrime da cui,
Prendono forma i sogni miei,
Ovunque vada arriverai,
A passo a passo accanto a lei.
Lei, mmh, lei.

QUANDO L'AMORE DIVENTA POESIA

Testo di GIULIO RAPETTI MOGOL

Musica di PIERO SOFFICI (1920-2004)

59 **Lento**

can-to _____ il mio a-mo-re per te _____ que-sta not-te di-ven-ta poe-
 can-to _____ la tri-stez-za che è in me _____ que-sta not-te sa-rà me-lo -

-si - a. _____ La mia vo-ce sa - rà _____ u-na la-cri-ma di no-stal-
 -di - a. _____ Pian-go an-co-ra per te _____ an-che se or-mai è u-na fol -

-gi - a. _____ Non ti chie-de - rò mai _____ per-chè da me sei an-da-ta
 -li - a. _____ Non ti chie-do per - chè _____ a-des-so tu non sei più

vi - a _____ per me è giu-sto _____ tut-to quel-lo che fai. _____ Io ti
 mi - a _____ per me è giu-sto _____ tut-to quel-lo che fai. _____

a - mo e gri-dar-lo vor-rei _____ ma la vo-ce del - l'a - ni-ma _____ can-ta pia-no lo

sa - ai. Io ti a - mo e gri-dar-lo vor-rei _____ ma sta-se-ra non

La m La m Re m Sol7 Do Mi7 Lam Re m Mi4 Mi Lam La7 Re m La m

1.
pos-so nem-me-no par-la-re per-chè pian-ge - rei. Io

Rem
col canto

Lam Mi7 La m
a tempo

2.
-rei. Io ti a - mo. (Orch.)

Lam La7 Rem
a tempo

Lam

Rem

ripete ad lib.

Io canto
il mio amore per te
questa notte diventa poesia.
La mia voce sarà
una lacrima di nostalgia.
Non ti chiederò mai
perchè da me sei andata via
per me è giusto
tutto quello che fai.

Io ti amo
e gridarlo vorrei
ma la voce dell'anima
canta piano lo sai.
Io ti amo
e gridarlo vorrei
ma stasera non posso nemmeno parlare
perchè piangerei.

Io canto
la tristezza che è in me
questa notte sarà melodia.
Piango ancora per te
anche se ormai è una follia.
Non ti chiedo perchè
adesso tu non sei più mia
per me è giusto
tutto quello che fai.



SEBY CORELLI - SONGS (VOLUME 1)

UN UOMO PIANGE (SOLO PER AMORE)

Testo di MARIA GIOCONDA GASPARI

Musica di MARCELLO MARROCCHI e MARIO VICARI

PIANOFORTE Conduttore

Lento

60

La m La m Fa Mi Mi7 Do Mi7

Ve - di que - ste la - cri - me che scen - do - no

La m simile Rem 6

vo - glio - no pian piano ac - carez - zar - ti so - no soltan - to cristal - li di

Mi7 La m

sa - le ma so - no caldi come il mio a - mo - re. Un

Rem 6 Mi7 La m

bim - bo for - se pian - ge per - ch  ha fa - me u - na

Re m Sol Do

ma-dre — for - se pian-ge — quan-do pre - ga — un

uo - mo — pian-ge so - lo — per a - mo-re — a -

- mo - re ti rin - gra - zio per - ch  pian-go an - ch'io per te.

Ve - di — que-ste la-cri-me che scen-do - no —

sem-bra-no diamanti — senza vol-to — vor - re-i — che cades-se-ro nel-le tue

ma-ni — e poi te-ne-ra-men-te le portas-si al

cuore. — For-se qualcu-no piange per-chè ha fred-do —

forse un soldato piange per-chè ha pa-u-ra — ma i-o, io sto piangendo per a-

-mo-re — per-chè ti a - a - mo, — ti

a - mo, ti a - mo, — ti

a - mo. —

UN UOMO PIANGE (SOLO PER AMORE)

Testo di
MARIA GIOCONDA GASPARI

Musica di MARCELLO MARROCCHI
e MARIO VICARI

Vedi queste lacrime che scendono
vogliono pian piano accarezzarti
sono soltanto cristalli di sale
ma sono caldi come il mio amore.

Un bimbo forse piange perché ha fame
una madre forse piange quando prega
un uomo piange solo per amore;
amore ti ringrazio
perché piango anch'io per te.

Vedi queste lacrime che scendono
sembrano diamanti senza volto
vorrei che cadessero nelle tue mani
e poi teneramente le portassi al cuore.

Forse qualcuno piange perché ha freddo
forse un soldato piange perché ha paura
ma io, io sto piangendo per amore
perché ti amo;
io ti amo.

[interludio strumentale]

Forse qualcuno piange perché ha freddo
forse un soldato piange perché ha paura
ma io, io sto piangendo per amore
perché ti amo;

io ti amo
ti amo
ti amo

GEORGIA ON MY MIND

Words by Stuart Gorrel

Music by Hoagy Carmichael

(Eseguita da Ray Charles in tonalità di Sol maggiore)

(Eseguita da Michael Bublé in tonalità di Mi bemolle maggiore)

61

61

$\text{♩} = 84$

Fmaj7 (R) Em7 (R) Dm7 (R)

Geor - gia, —
p Geor - gia, —

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

D7sus4 D7 1. C7sus4 C7

Just comes an as old sweet song — keeps as
 comes as sweet and clear — as

Geor - gia on — my mind.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Eb7 D7 C7sus4 C7 2. C7sus4 C7

Geor - gia on my mind. —

moon-light on — the

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Bm7 Bb7 A7sus4 A7 Dm (falling semitone sequence)

pines.

mf Oth - er arms reach

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

out to me. — Oth - er eyes smile ten - der - ly. —

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Still in peace - ful dreams I see — the road leads back to

cresc. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

E7 Eb7 D7

you. — Geor - gia, — Geor - gia, —

C7sus4 C7 Fmaj7 (R) Em7 (R)

mp Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

no peace — I find. — Just an old sweet song — keeps

Dm7 (R) Eb7 D7sus4 D7

cresc. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Geor - gia on — my mind.

C7sus4 C7 Eb7 F

f Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

SANTA LUCIA

Parole e Musica di TEODORO COTTREAU (1827-1879)

SEBY CORELLI LA CANTA IN TONALITÀ DI SI BEMOLLE MAGGIORE

Seby Corelli canta in
tonalità di SI bemolle

62

Andantino

mf Sol Re LA La7 Re

Sul ma - re luc-ci-ca l'a - stro d'ar - gen - to. Pla - ci - da è l'on - da
 Con que - sto zef-fi-ro co - sì so - a - ve, oh! co - m'è bel - lo
 O dol - ce Na-po-li, o suol be - a - to, o - ve sor - ri-de-re
 Or che tar - da - te? Bel-la è la se - ra... Spi-ra u - n'au - ret - ta

p Re La7 Re Si7 Mim

pro - spe-ro è il ven - to... Sul ma - re luc-ci-ca l'a - stro d'ar -
 star sul - la ra - vel Con que - sto zef-fi-ro co - sì so -
 vol - le il cre - a - to! O dol - ce Na-po-li, o suol be -
 fre - sca e leg - ge - ra. Or che tar - da - te? Bel - la è la

f La7 Sol Re Re La7

-gen - to. Pla - ci - da è l'on - da pro - spe-ro è il ven - to... Ve - ni - te al -
 - a - ve, oh! co - m'è bel - lo star sul - la ra - ve! Su, pas - seg -
 - a - to, o - ve sor - ri-de-re vol - le il cre - a - to! Tu sei l'im -
 se - ra... Spi-ra u - n'au - ret - ta fre - sca e leg - ge - ra. Ve - ni - te al -

Re Si7 Mim La7 Sol Re Re

-l'a-gi-le bar-chet-ta mi - a!... San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 -ge - ri, ve - ni - te vi - a!... San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 -pe - ro del - l'ar - mo - ni - a!... San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 -l'a-gi-le bar-chet-ta mi - a!... San - ta Lu - ci - a!

Sol La7 Re *p* La7 _{MI}

San - ta Lu - ci - a! Ve - ni - te al - l'a-gi-le bar-chet-ta mi - a!...
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! Su pas-seg - ge - ri, ve - ni - te vi - a!...
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! Tu sei l'im - pe - ro del - l'ar - mo - ni - a!...
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! Ve - ni - te al - l'a-gi-le bar-chet-ta mi - a!...

La7 Re *f* Sol La7 Re

San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
 San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

p La7 _{MI} La7 Re *mf* La7

La7 Re Sol Re _{LA} La7 Re

MERAVIGLIOSO

Testo di **RICCARDO PAZZAGLIA** (1926-2006)Musica di **DOMENICO MODUGNO** (1928-1994)

63 **Moderato**

Dom Sib6

La♭7+ Dom È

ve - ro cre - de - te - mi è ac - ca - du - to di not - te su di un

Dom

pon - te guar - dan - do l'ac - qua scu - ra con la dan - na - ta

Sib6

vo - glia di fa - re un tuf - fo giù. D'un

La♭7+ Sol

trat - to qual - cu - no al - le mie spal - le for - se un an - ge - lo ve - sti - to da pas -

La♭ Sol Dom

- san - te mi por - tò via di - cen - do - mi co -

Sib6 La♭ Sol

sì: Me - ra - vi - glio - so ma

co - me non ti ac - cor - gi di quan - to il mon - do sia me - ra - vi -

- glio - so me - ra - vi - glio - so per - fi - no il tuo do - lo - re po -

- trà gua - ri - re poi me - ra - vi - glio - so. Ma

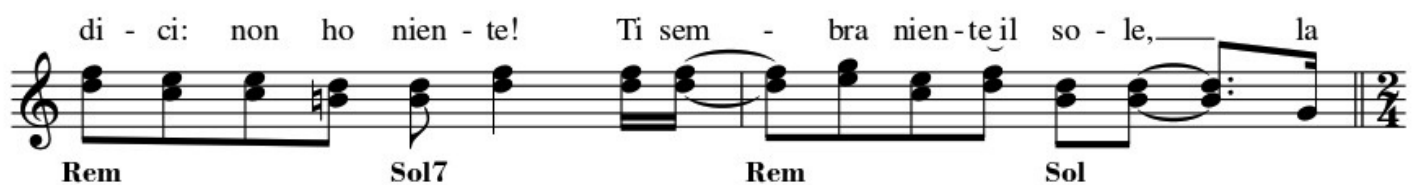
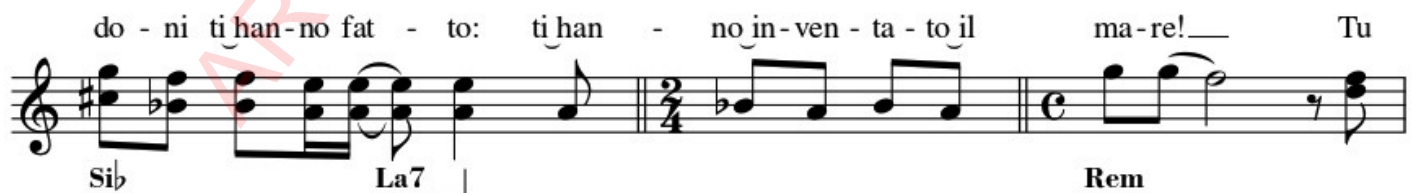
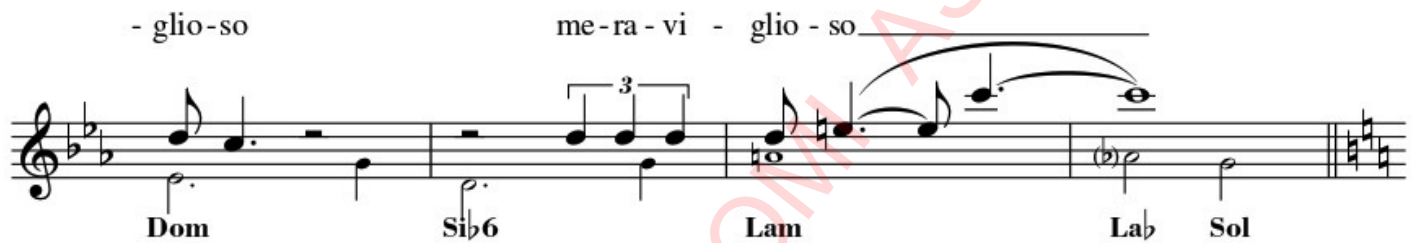
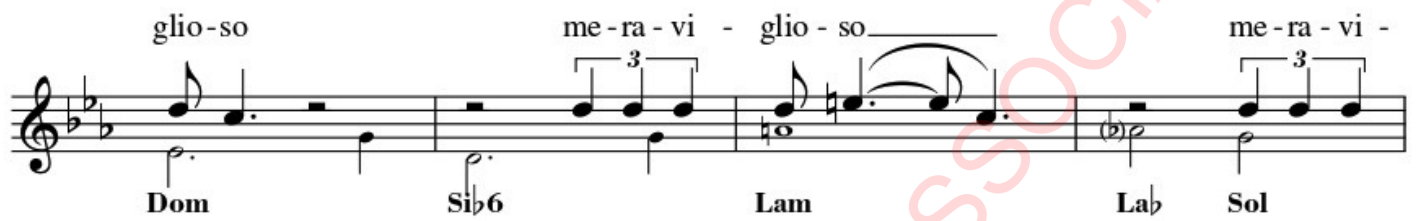
gual - da in - tor - no a te che do - ni ti han - no fat - to: ti han -

- no in - ven - ta - to il ma - re! Tu di - ci: non ho nien - te! Ti sem -

- bra nien - te il so - le, la vi - ta, l'a - mo - re eh eh!

Me - ra - vi - glio - so il be - ne di u - na don - na che

Do Do Do7+ Do6 Rem Sol7 Do Ma Si \flat La7 Si \flat La7 La7 Rem Sol7 Mim Sol7 Do Do7+



vi - ta, l'a - mo-re oh! Me-ra - vi - glio-so il

Sol Mim Sol7 Do

be - ne di u - na don - na che a - ma so - lo te, me - ra - vi -

Do7+ Do6

- glio - so la not - te e - ra fi - ni - ta e

Rem Fam

ti sen - ti - vo an - co - ra sa - po - re del - la vi - ta me - ra - vi -

Do Rem7 Sol7

glio - so me - ra - vi - glio - so me - ra - vi -

Dom Sib6 Lab Sol7/4 Sol7

- glio - so me - ra - vi - glio - so

Dom Sib6 Lab7+

me - ra - vi - glio - so.

Sol7/4 Sol7 Do

ANEMA E CORE

Parole di TITO MANLIO (1901-1972)

Musica di SALVATORE D'ESPOSITO (1903-1982)

Tempo di Slow-Rock

VERSE (a piacere)

64 Nuje ca perdimmo' a pace e' o suonno, nun' ce dicimmo majo pecchè? Vocche ca vase nun ne von - no, nun so' st' a vocche, o j ne! Pu - re, te chiammo an' a rispunne, pe' ffa dispiet - to a

Solm Dom6 Solm La7 Re7 Solm Dom6

Solm La7 Re7 *mf* Sib Sibdim Mibm6 Sib Re Mim7 La7

REFRAIN (a tempo)

mme... Te - nim - mo ce ac - cus - si. à - ne ma'e co - re, nun

Lam7 Re7 Sol 3 3 3 3 Sibdim. Lam 3 3 3 3

'rce lassammo cchiù, manco pe' n'o - ra... 'stu de - si - de - rio e te, me fa pa -

Lam Lam7# Lam7 Re7 Sol 3 3 3 3 Solm

-u - ra... Campa cu tte! sempe cu tte! pe' nun mu - ri!... Che

Re 3 Re 7# Si7 Mi m7 3 La7 3 Lam 3 3 3 3 Re7 Re9b

ce di - cim - mo a ffa. pa - ro - le a - ma - re, si'o bbe - ne, po' cam -

Sol 3 3 3 3 segue Sibdim. Lam 3 3 3 3 Lam7#

-pà... cu nu re - spi - ro? Si sma - nie pu - re tu pe' chi - st' am - mo - re,

Lam7 Re7 Sol 3 Sol7# 3 *mf* Rem6 Mi7 Lam

te - nim - mo ce ac - cus - si... à - ne ma'e co - re!...

Dom6 Sol Lam7 Re7 Sol 3 3 3 3 Do Sol

ANEMA E CORE

Parole di TITO MANLIO (1901-1972)

Musica di SALVATORE D'ESPOSITO (1903-1982)

Nuje ca perdimmo 'a pace e 'o suonno,
nun ce dicimmo maje pecché?
Vocche ca vase nun ne vonno,
nun só' sti vvocche oje né'!
Pure, te chiammo e nun rispunne
pe' fa dispietto a me

Tenímmoce accussí: anema e core
nun ce lassammo cchiù, manco pe' n'ora
stu desiderio 'e te mme fa paura
Campa cu te,
sempe cu te,
pe' nun murí

Che ce dicimmo a fá parole amare,
si 'o bbene po' campá cu nu respiro?
Si smanie pure tu pe' chist'ammore,
tenímmoce accussí anema e core!

Forse sarrá ca 'o chianto è doce,
forse sarrá ca bene fa
Quanno mme sento cchiù felice,
nun è felicità
Specie si 'e vvote tu mme dice,
distratta, 'a veritá

Tenímmoce accussí: anema e core
nun ce lassammo cchiù, manco pe' n'ora
stu desiderio 'e te mme fa paura
Campa cu te,
sempe cu te,
pe' nun murí

Che ce dicimmo a fá parole amare,
si 'o bbene po' campá cu nu respiro?
Si smanie pure tu pe' chist'ammore,
tenímmoce accussí anema e core!

SEBY CORELLI
"SONGS"

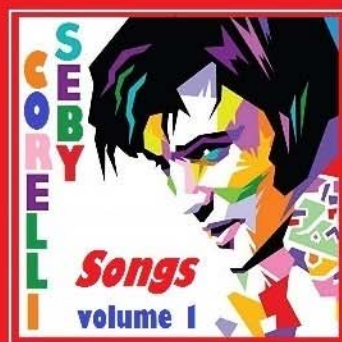
VOLUME 1

ANTOLOGIA DI CANZONI ESTRATTE DAL
REPERTORIO DI ELVIS PRESLEY
(E NON SOLO)

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**Spartiti di musica di brani
estratti dal repertorio di
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